SIN CITY

Screenplay by

Frank Miller

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Based on the Graphic Novel
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SIN CITY

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A ROAD SIGN

Battered and old, it reads:

You Are Now Entering
BASIN CITY

A TRUCK ENGINE is heard, approaching. HEADLIGHTS wash over the sign. TIRES SCREECH. SOUNDS of a TRUCK DOOR opening. FOOTSTEPS

COWBOY BOOTS

walk unsteadily across cracked pavement. SOUND of a GUN being cocked.

A HUGE PISTOL

enters frame, held wobbly, and FIRES. BOOM!

THE ROAD SIGN

The first shot has blasted the "B" from "Basin City".

BUDDY

a drunken Texas cowboy, takes aim again with his HUGE PISTOL.

THE ROAD SIGN

BOOM!--a SECOND SHOT blasts away the "A". The sign now reads:

You Are Now Entering
SIN CITY

Drunken LAUGHTER.

WIDER

A PICKUP TRUCK roars off and away. TUMBLEWEED blows by. In the distance LIGHTNING flashes. No rain falls. This is desert weather, hot, dry, windy.

And we're about to visit a very bad town.

A LIGHTNING BOLT

fills frame against the night sky. No thunder yet...

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

A sleazy country & western joint. A sleek PORSCHE CONVERTIBLE pulls into the parking lot. Now the THUNDER rumbles, delayed, distant. Another FLASH of lightning, far off.

THE CONVERTIBLE

pulls into a shadowed space between more pickup trucks.

THE CONVERTIBLE DOOR

opens. Long, beautiful LEGS slide forth.

CLOSE ON GOLDIE

Beautiful. Nervous. Her blonde hair blowing wildly in the desert wind. Her trenchcoat collar pulled high. She JUMPS as TIRES SCREECH.

WIDER THE PARKING LOT

Buddy's PICKUP TRUCK screeches to a stop, just barely avoiding crashing into the entrance. BUDDY and his not-as-drunk pal TEX pile out.

TEX
Buddy, this ain't the greatest idea. You've had enough.

BUDDY
You kidding, man? This is Sin City. It goes all night--and so can I, man. So can I.

Buddy staggers on. Tex follows, shaking his head. Tex is a nic guy, but he's got lousy taste in friends.

AT THE SALOON ENTRANCE

GOLDIE approaches. Buddy stumbles into frame, followed by Tex. Buddy eyeballs Goldie as Tex opens the door for her.

TEX
This isn't any kind of place for a lady like you, ma'am.

GOLDIE
It's okay. I'm just using the phone. Thanks.

TEX tips his hat to Goldie. She tosses him a delicious, friendly smile and goes in. Buddy stares after her, bleary-eyed.

BUDDY
Is that real? She a movie star or something?

TEX
Whatever she is, she's a few miles out of our class. Come on. There's a Motel 6 just down the road.

Buddy shouts at the door.

BUDDY
I WANT YOU! I NEED YOU! I MUST HAVE YOU!

Tex confronts Buddy.

TEX
That's enough, Buddy. You're too damn drunk and we're going to the hotel.

BUDDY
THE HELL WE ARE!

BUDDY swings a wild PUNCH that flattens TEX. The impact sends Buddy back on his butt. He rubs his hand.

BUDDY
Damn. That really actually hurt. I need a drink.

INT. SALOON

A dark, quiet, dangerous place. GOLDIE moves to a PAY PHONE. BUDDY passes her, staggering toward the bar. Goldie shoves coins into the phone and dials a number. She waits impatiently, listening to the phone RING at the other end. She lights a CIGARETTE.

She turns at a sound of COMMOTION:

BUDDY (V.O.)
My money's good, damn it!

AT THE BAR

BUDDY lurches at the bar, harassing bartender JOSIE. A HUGE MAN sits next to BUDDY, silent, keeping to himself.

BUDDY
For Christ sake, babe. This is Sin City. You got the booze--

BUDDY slams a TWENTY onto the bar.

--and I got the bucks. Now just line me up a neat little row of shots of that sheep dip you're serving, all right?

JOSIE
Sorry, pal. You're cut off.

BUDDY gestures at the HUGE MAN, who sits, drinking hard stuff. HUGE MAN does not turn.

BUDDY
I don't see you cutting off King Kong here.

JOSIE
He don't ever get cut off. And watch what you call him.

THE HUGE MAN

turns to look at Buddy. His face is remarkably ugly. Monstrous. Scarred. His eyes hold fire. But his voice is surprisingly soft.

He is MARV.

MARV
It's okay, Josie. He's from out of town. He doesn't know nothing.
(to Buddy)
You ought to get on out of here, pal. There's a place down to Redondo that'll serve you all night.

BUDDY musters courage.

BUDDY
I'm not taking any orders from you or from that cow, big guy.

MARV
You shouldn't ought to use language like that about a lady.

JOSIE
It's okay, Marv. Stay out of this one.

BUDDY
"Lady"? I don't know. She looks more like a cow to me.

MARV
There's no call for getting nasty.

BUDDY
She smells like a cow, too. But maybe that turns a guy like you on. If I looked like you, I'd settle for a cow.

MARV
You are really pushing it.

BUDDY
Hell, I bet cows are great--you get all those extra hooters to play with.

MARV
You really better shut your trap and get lost.

BUDDY casually pulls his jacket back--to reveal his HUGE PISTOL in his belt. He hauls the PISTOL out, waving it casually.

MARV is not impressed.

BUDDY
I got something that makes me a bigger guy than you, ugly. So back off.
(to Josie)
Now set 'em up.

JOSIE
Okay. Another round. It's okay, Marv. No trouble.

MARV
Yeah, we all have one too many sometimes. He just shouldn't ought to talk like that.

MARV goes back to his drink, not looking at BUDDY. BUDDY COCKS his REVOLVER. He leans close to MARV, holding the REVOLVER aimed at Marv.

BUDDY
Moo.

MARV

stares right at the barrel of the revolver, unafraid, the fire building in his eyes.

MARV
You are really starting to honk me off.

BUDDY'S MOUTH

his lips go round, forming the sound:

BUDDY'S MOUTH
Mooooooo.

SUDDENLY--MARV'S HAND

lashes out--CRUSHING Buddy's WRIST with inhuman strength--SNAPPING Buddy's wrist backward.

BUDDY'S REVOLVER

strikes the floor.

MARV GRABS BUDDY

by the back of his head--and SMASHES Buddy's face against the bar.

GOLDIE

watches intently. She cradles the phone.

MARV LIFTS BUDDY'S FACE

from the bar. It's a bloody mess. JOSIE shakes her head, distressed. MARV has not left his bar stool.

MARV
Aw, damn it.

JOSIE
You've really got to watch that temper of yours, Marv.

MARV
I'm sorry, Josie.

MARV rises from the barstool and drops Buddy to the floor.

JOSIE
Just run on home. I'll call an ambulance and say it was somebody else.

MARV's fishing for money, producing crumpled singles. His back is to GOLDIE, who approaches.

MARV
I'm really sorry, Josie. Guys like that, they just set me off.

JOSIE
Your drinks are on the house tonight. Forget it.

MARV
No. I can pay.

JOSIE'S EYES

glint as they look to the side:

GOLDIE'S HANDS

pull a roll of FIFTIES from her pocket. Snap off two of them. Slap them on the bar.

WIDER

MARV stares at GOLDIE, in disbelief. JOSIE snaps the money up and moves to the register.

GOLDIE
This for the drinks and a bottle of whatever he's having. Keep the change.

JOSIE
You're the boss.

JOSIE hauls a bottle of bourbon from the bar and hands it to Goldie. Goldie smiles up at Marv, a beautiful, innocent country girl's smile. There's a trace of a southern accent in her voice now. It wasn't there before.

GOLDIE
It's "Marv," isn't it?

Marv nods, dumbstruck. She moves closer.

Would you mind walking a girl to her car? There's a lot of creeps around.

MARV
Of course, ma'am. I'd be happy to.

She pulls closer. She squeezes his arm. And takes it in hers. She guides him away.

GOLDIE
It's so nice to run into a gentleman, in this day and age.

JOSIE

stares after them, in disbelief.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

GOLDIE and MARV walk arm-in-arm across the lot. He asks her the question in utter wonder:

MARV
Where'd you come from?

It's as if he expects the answer to be "Heaven".

GOLDIE
Arizona. On my way to visit my sister in San Diego. I've never been to Sin City, so I thought I'd stop in for a night to see the sights.

MARV
There's not much to see. It's a pretty rotten town.

GOLDIE
Oh, I don't know. So far I like it.

They walk toward her PORSCHE. Goldie gestures to a big-wheel pick-up.

GOLDIE
Is that one yours?

MARV
No, I don't have one. Haven't even got a license.

GOLDIE
Hop in. I'll give you a ride.

MARV
Oh, that's okay. You don't have to.

GOLDIE

Those eyes. Those lips. That smile.

GOLDIE
You're so sweet. Come on. Get in. I don't bite.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

GOLDIE'S PORSCHE fishtails around a corner. THE CITY LIGHTS fall away behind it.

CLOSER ANGLE

GOLDIE drives. MARV is squeezed into the seat beside her. He can't take his eyes off her. She lights two CIGARETTES and hands him one. Her lipstick is left on the cigarette.

GOLDIE
So you don't have a license and you don't have a car. You've got a place to live, don't you?

MARV
No. I mean yeah, but...

GOLDIE
But what?

MARV
It's my mom's place. I live with my mom.

GOLDIE
It's nice when a man looks after his mother. You're quite a guy.

He says it without emotion, as if simply stating a fact:

MARV
I'm a total loser.

GOLDIE
Whoever made you feel that way? People. Sometimes I can't understand them.

MARV
I can't ever understand them.

HER HAND

She pats his knee. Her hand rests there for a moment.

MARV GLARES

Incredulous. Aroused. His eyes move to:

GOLDIE

Her face lights with a radiant smile.

GOLDIE
Oh, my goodness. Look at that. It's beautiful.

PANORAMA

GOLDIE'S PORSCHE pulls to a stop at the shoulder of a mountain road overlooking SIN CITY. Distant LIGHTNING flashes. GOLDIE leaps from the car to rush to a cliff's edge.

MARV

sneaks a slug from the bottle of bourbon. His hands shake.

GOLDIE STANDS

looking down at Sin City. She's got her arms around herself, shivering, excited. MARV rises from the car in background.

GOLDIE
And you said there wasn't much to see.

MARV
I guess it looks pretty good, from up here. I never noticed.

GOLDIE
Bring the bottle. I'm cold.

He brings the bottle. She takes a slug from it and makes a face, reacting to the liquor.

MARV
I was just thinking how hot it is.

GOLDIE
That's just me. I get cold a lot. Have you ever noticed how much easier girls get cold than men do?

She hands him back the bottle and pulls against him, her back to him, guiding his arms around her.

GOLDIE
There's a storm coming.

MARV
It keeps threatening.

GOLDIE
It'll be a big one, when it hits.

MARV
If it ever hits. Sin City weather. You never know.

CLOSER ANGLE

She whirls to face him, her mouth an inch from his.

GOLDIE
Are you lonesome tonight?

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A run-down hotel in a bad neighborhood. A NEON SIGN flashes intermittently.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Dark. The only light an intermittent neon FLASH from outside. MARV takes a swig from the BOTTLE Goldie bought him.

NEON LIGHT

strikes GOLDIE. She slides out of her coat. She's wearing an EVENING DRESS.

And her body is a fantasy come to life.

FM

GOLDIE PULLS CLOSE

to MARV, her hands on his chest.

GOLDIE
You're nervous. Don't be nervous.

MARV
I just don't understand any of this.

She takes his hand. Hers is tiny in his. She guides him to sit down on the bed. She strokes his shoulders. NEON LIGHT strobes the scene.

GOLDIE
Muscles like rock...you're a powerful man. The kind that makes a girl feel safe.

GOLDIE'S MOUTH

She kisses the back of his neck.

GOLDIE'S MOUTH
You make me feel safe.

MARV AND GOLDIE

He's tortured. Confused. Aroused. She moves her hands down his chest.

MARV
I got to be honest with you. I'm not much of a guy. And I've never been much with women.

GOLDIE
Then you've met the wrong women.

MARV
No. I'm just ugly and stupid.

GOLDIE
You're strong. Strong, so strong...

GOLDIE'S FINGERS

catch at a small pewter CRUCIFIX dangling from his neck.

GOLDIE

stares at the crucifix for a moment longer than she should. She shudders. Marv notices.

MARV
What's wrong?

GOLDIE
Nothing. Nothing's wrong. Everything's perfect.

She guides him to lie on his back. She leans across him, seducing him, slowly, strobed by neon, her voice soft, reassuring:

All your life they've made you feel like a loser, haven't they? They're wrong about you. You're a big man. A strong man. A powerful man. And we're going to make love, tonight. And you're going to see what a man you are. I'll show you, Marv.

She takes his hand and kisses it. She runs it across her body. He is tense, cautious, as if he were touching porcelain.

MARV
You're the most amazing thing I've ever seen.

GOLDIE
And you're the man I need tonight.

He's groping her now, clumsy, dizzy with lust.

GOLDIE
Slowly now. Slowly. It's better that way.

Strobed by NEON FLASHES, she kisses him gently.

MARV
You smell like angels ought to smell.

GOLDIE
Let me be your angel.

SHADOWS

of Goldie and Marv, entwined, move across the wall, lit by neon flashes. Her moan is like music. His grunts are those of a beast.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The neon SIGN flashes. Marv's grunts grow to a BELLOW.

CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

MARV'S BELLOW reaches a fearsome crescendo.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

She pulls him down to her.

MARV
Your name. What's your name?

GOLDIE
Goldie.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT MARV

This is the happiest moment of his life.

MARV
Goldie. I love you, Goldie.

THE BED

heart-shaped, it spirals away against a field of velvet BLACKNESS. Until it is gone and the BLACKNESS is complete.

TWO WHITE ORBS

swim from the blackness, hovering, out of focus.

CLOSE ON MARV

trying to wake, to focus.

MARV POV

The ORBS come into focus as LENSES. A pair of GLASSES. Worn by a MAN who stands silhouetted against the window.

MARV

struggles to rise.

MARV POV

A HAND lashes out, straight at camera.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUDDEN CRUEL LIGHT

from a bare light bulb as MARV pulls the chain.

WIDER

The room is revealed to be tiny, filthy, a rathole. MARV sits at the edge of the bed. Groggy. He pulls a pack of cigarettes from his coat. He lights a CIGARETTE. He rubs the back of his head.

MARV

stares at his HAND. There's BLOOD on his fingertips. He looks over his shoulder at:

GOLDIE

she lies still and beautiful, unmoving. MARV'S HAND enters frame to touch her neck, feeling for a pulse. He turns her head. BLOOD at a spot just below her ear.

MARV'S EYES

showing growing horror. Goldie is dead.

GOLDIE'S VOICE
You make me feel safe.

MARV'S EYES dart to the side as the ROAR OF A HELICOPTER breaks the night's silence.

WINDOWS RATTLE

as a SEARCHLIGHT sweeps the windows. HELICOPTER ROAR recedes as POLICE SIRENS rise.

EXT. WINDOW

MARV comes into frame, looking down as POLICE LIGHTS fill the windows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

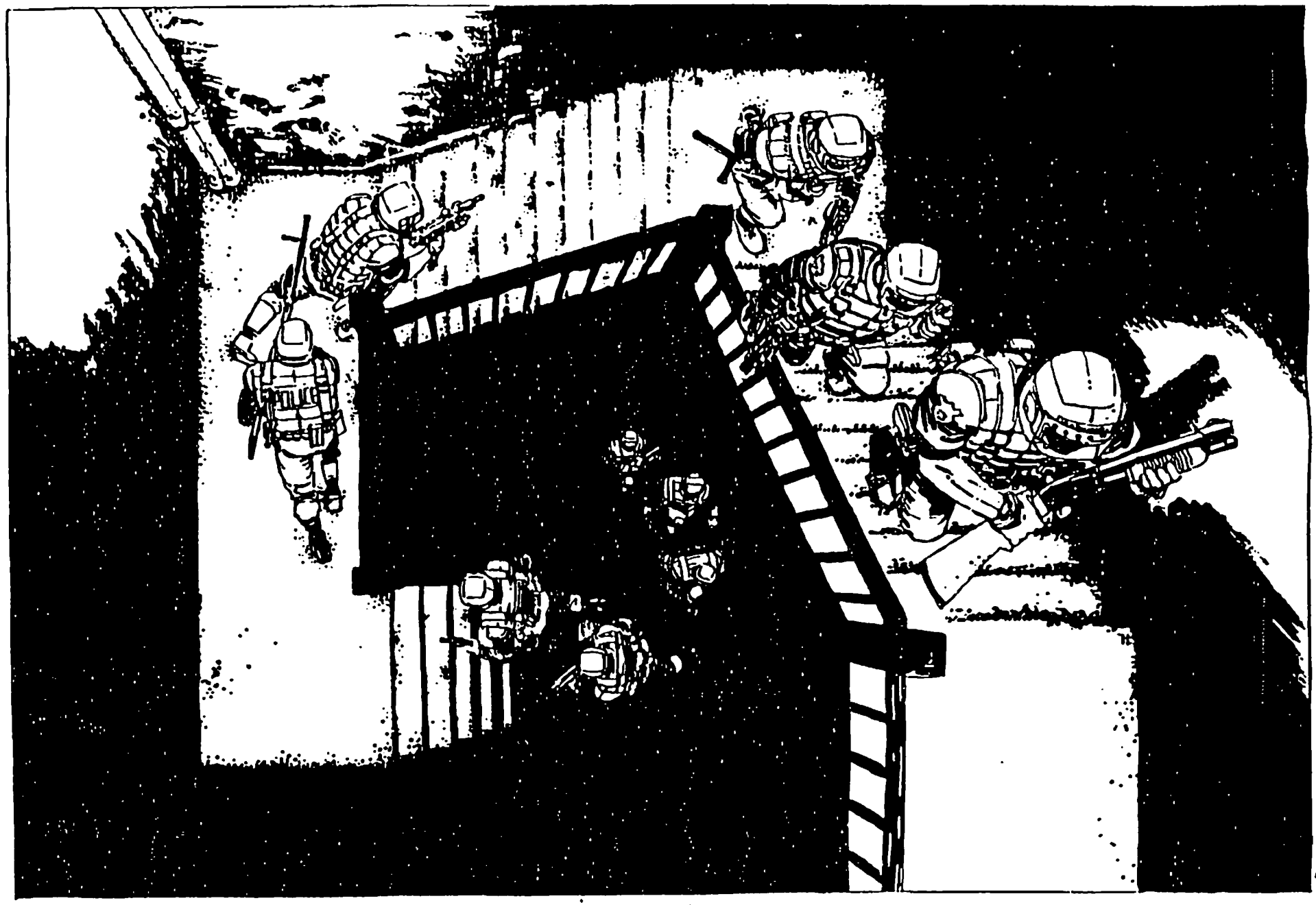
SQUAD CARS converge, lights flashing. COPS, laden with BODY ARMOR and hauling ASSAULT RIFLES, move toward the hotel.

BACK TO MARV

He pulls on his pants.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

COPS charge up stairs, GUNS ready. Silent.



BACK TO MARV

He laces up his boots.

AT A LANDING

COPS converge, gathering at the DOOR.

BACK TO MARV

Marv leans over GOLDIE, taking her hand in his.

MARV
Whoever killed you is going to pay, Goldie. I promise.

He kisses her on the lips, lightly. A sudden POUNDING at the door.

COP'S VOICE
POLICE! OPEN UP!

Marv pulls on his TRENCHCOAT. Draws the belt tight. He pulls a PILL BOTTLE from his coat pocket.

COP'S VOICE
THIS IS THE POLICE! OPEN UP!

MARV'S HANDS

He shakes a couple of PILLS into his palm. He gulps them back.

MARV
I'll be right out.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

CRASH!--COPS fall backward as--MARV smashes through the DOOR, splintering it--

BULLETS TEAR

at the shoulder of Marv's COAT as he slams a COP into a wall--

HIGH ANGLE

MARV ducks more GUNFIRE, leaping a BANNISTER--the STAIRWELL looms, seemingly bottomless.

MARV FALLS

down the stairwell--

MORE COPS

fire away--

MARV'S HANDS

reach out as he falls.

MARV

BULLETS shredding the skirt of his trenchcoat--Marv grabs a lower BANNISTER--BULLETS tear at his side--Marv hauls himself over the BANNISTER--and runs headlong toward a closed WINDOW--

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

--CRASH!--MARV erupts from the window--

MARV FALLS

in a cascade of shattered GLASS--

HASH

MARV LANDS

in bagged GARBAGE piled high. He rolls across the alley floor. He pulls himself to his feet. POLICE LIGHTS fill the alley.

HIGH ANGLE

It's a SQUAD CAR--headed straight for MARV--accellerating--Marv faces off with it.

MARV CHARGES

right at the onrushing SQUAD CAR--
--Marv vaults its hood--

INT. SQUAD CAR

COPS RECOIL as MARV CRASHES feet-first through its windshield.

THE SQUAD CAR

slams into a wall. ENGINE DIES. CRASH!--CRASH!--sounds of violence from the squad car.

THE SQUAD CAR DOORS

fly open--COPS fly out from either side, kicked by Marv--MORE COPS rush into the alley on foot.

THE COPS

take aim and FIRE.

INT. SQUAD CAR

BULLETS rip at the windows and upholstery. Bloody, battered MARV guns the engine.

MARV'S HAND

He jams the GEAR SHIFT into REVERSE.

SQUAD CAR

roars BACKWARD out the alley, sending COPS flying like tenpins.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marv's SQUAD CAR fishtails out--
--and roars off as COPS move to their cars to give chase.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

MARV, driving, is a bloody mess. POLICE LIGHTS flash from pursuing squad cars.

EXT. DOCKYARD - NIGHT

Marv's SQUAD CAR roars straight down a DOCK--and off it. SPLASH! Other SQUAD CARS pull up. COPS pour out and begin FIRING.

THE SQUAD CAR

sinks, riddled with bullets.

UNDER WATER

BULLETS drift by. MARV swims from the sinking SQUAD CAR.

A LARGE PIPE

looms. Blackness inside. Marv swims into it. The darkness swallows him.

INT. PIPE

Marv swims toward a source of LIGHT, down the pipe.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

COPS FIRE.

And then they stop, waiting. Confused.

A SEWER GRATING - UNDERGROUND

RATS scramble through a GRATING. MARV'S HANDS grab at the GRATING. MARV shoves the GRATING free.

WIDER - THE SEWER

MARV clambers out, waist-deep in water. His bullet-riddled COAT is in tatters. Marv frowns. He reaches to his pocket. Draws forth his PILL BOTTLE.

CLOSE SHOT - THE PILL BOTTLE

A bullet has smashed it. The remaining pills are mush.

MARV

He tosses the mess away and moves on.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

Downtown Sin City. A HELICOPTER patrols, circling. It roars past a BUILDING. Twenty stories up. Its SEARCH LIGHT pivots, filling frame with blinding light.

A BUILDING CORNER

SEARCH LIGHT sweeps a stretch of wall, then recedes. MARV emerges from hiding at the building's side.

MARV'S FINGERS

grip bricks as he climbs.

LONG SHOT

Marv is a silhouette as he climbs high above the city.

A WINDOW LEDGE

MARV clambers up. He moves across the ledge toward an open WINDOW.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Voluptuous, tough-as-nails LUCILLE sleeps. She jerks awake as something goes THUD.

LUCILLE
Claire?

No response. LUCILLE rises. She moves to a BUREAU.

CLOSE SHOT

LUCILLE pulls a .357 MAGNUM from a drawer. She cocks it, a total pro.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

LUCILLE emerges from her bedroom. She moves toward a BATHROOM DOOR. Its light is on. She pauses at the side of the DOORWAY. She hears a GRUNT.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

AT THE DOORWAY

LUCILLE pivots into view aiming the MAGNUM straight at camera, combat stance.

LUCILLE
Oh. It's you.

She uncocks the pistol.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

He's put BAND AIDS on his dozens of cuts. He looks silly. He grins at Lucille.

MARV
Don't worry, Lucille. I was just grazed. Got any beers around this place?

WIDER

Lucille tosses her magnum on a heap of clothes in a hamper. She seems unaware that she's nearly naked. MARV sits at the edge of the tub. He's stripped to his shorts.

LUCILLE
No. There's no way I'm giving you any alcohol.

LUCILLE moves to the MEDICINE CABINET, fishes around.

Besides, booze isn't what you came here for, is it?

MARV
No, I guess not.

LUCILLE tosses MARV a new PILL BOTTLE. He catches it and yanks the lid off.

LUCILLE
Go ahead. You're worse without them.

MARV
Thanks a lot, Lucille. You're being really nice about me busting in, like this.

She looks him over.

LUCILLE
I haven't seen you like this in a while, Marv.

MARV
Yeah, I had to fight some cops.

LUCILLE
Oh, no. Don't tell me this.

MARV
I had a good reason, Lucille.

She lights a cigarette. She speaks to him as if she were handling a live explosive.

LUCILLE
Do your best to remember. Did you kill any of those cops?

MARV
It all went by pretty fast, but...no, I don't think so. But they know they been in a fight, that's for damn sure.

LUCILLE
This is very bad, Marv. I don't know how I'm going to square it with the board.

MARV
I don't think there is any way to square it. Not this time.

LUCILLE
You sit tight, Marv. I'll get dressed and we'll go to the station. We'll figure something out.

She moves toward the door--but Marv leaps to his feet, grabbing her shoulders. Lucille YELPS in sudden pain.

MARV
No. I got things to do.

CLOSE SHOT MARV & LUCILLE

Their faces are barely an inch apart. The fire returns to his eyes.

MARV
You got to understand, Lucille. This isn't some bar room brawl or some creep with a gas can looking to torch some wino. This is big and there's no way out of it.

LUCILLE
Settle down, Marv.

MARV
There's no settling down. Not this time.

LUCILLE
Prison was hell for you, Marv. It'll be life, this time.

He grabs his coat and moves for the door. She calls after him.

MARV
You been a lot of help, Lucille. Thanks. But it's Gladys I need now. Sweet Gladys.

LUCILLE
Who the hell is "Gladys"?

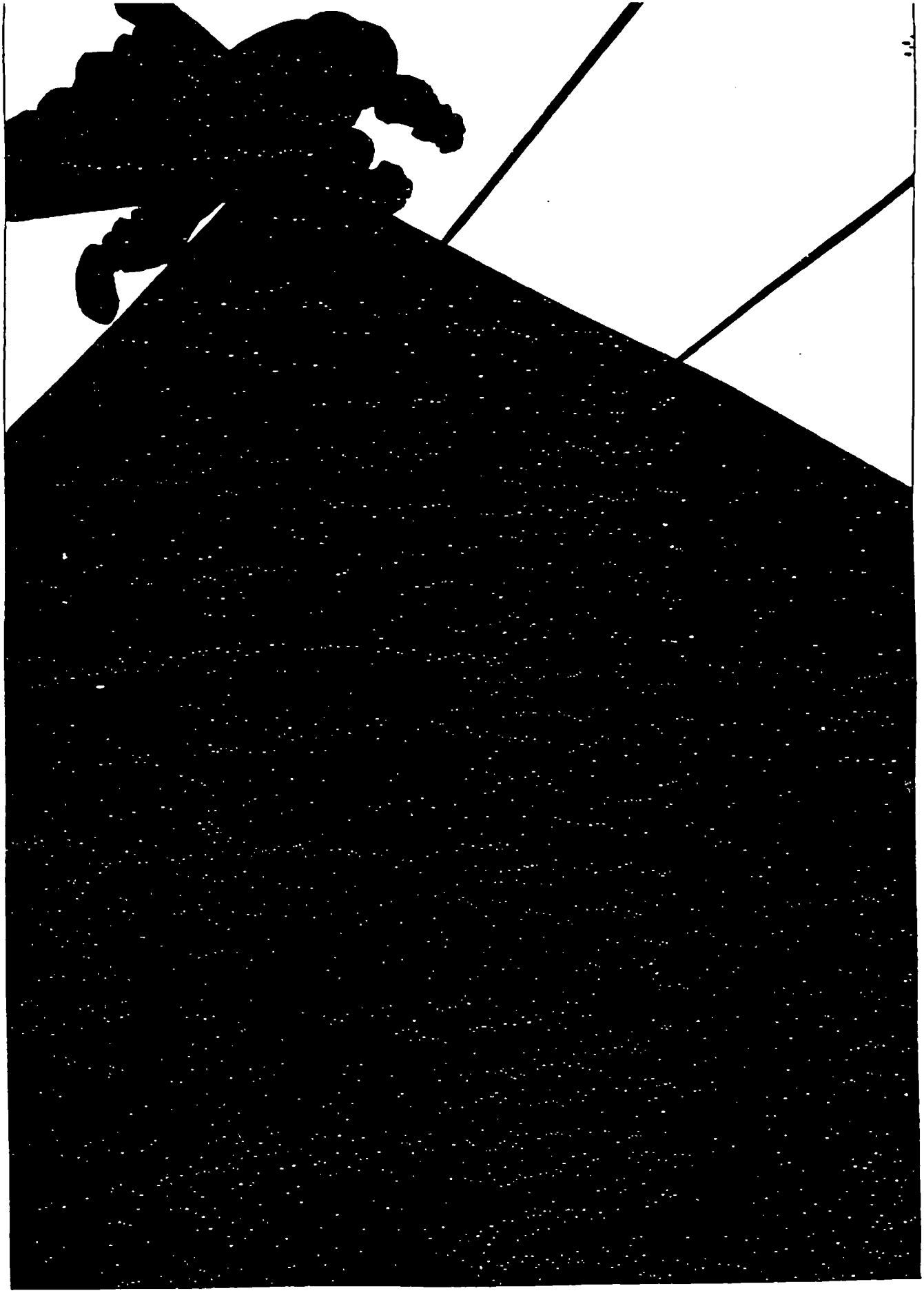
But he is gone.
Shaken, Lucille fires up another cigarette.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

MARV runs across a high roof. He LEAPS into space--

MARV SOMERSAULTS

through mid-air, downward.



AT A LOWER ROOF

MARV lands in a dead run.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest house in a low-rent neighborhood. MARV appears by a hedge. He scans the area for trouble.

AT A SIDE DOOR

Marv sneaks up. He fumbles through his pockets. He opens the door with a key.

INT. KITCHEN

MARV quietly removes his COMBAT BOOTS.

INT. STAIRWELL

Carrying his boots one in each hand, MARV tiptoes quietly up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM

MARV'S MOM lies sleeping. MARV tiptoes past an open DOOR.

INT. MARV'S ROOM

It looks like a little boy's room. A way-too-small BED. Plastic DINOSAURS. A MODEL AIRPLANE hanging from the ceiling. Scattered COMIC BOOKS. MARV sits on the bed, rummaging through the contents of a small FOOT LOCKER.

CLOSE SHOT

Marv pulls forth a BASEBALL GLOVE and sets it aside. Then he pulls forth a gleaming, nickel-plated .45 AUTOMATIC. Inscribed on the gun's side: GLADYS.

WIDER

MARV rises, grinning, pointing "Gladys", playing with it like a toy.

MARV
(whisper)
We got us some work to do, Gladys.

He doesn't notice a TAPPING SOUND.

THE DOOR

swings open behind him. MARV'S MOM stands at the door, holding a WHITE CANE. Her eyes stare blindly at her son.

MARV'S MOM
Marvin? Is that you, baby?

MARV

turns, smiling, his manner like that of a little boy.

MARV
Yes, mom. Sorry I woke you up.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

MARV and his MOM are silhouetted at a WINDOW. MARV towers over his mom. PULL BACK--WINDOW slowly recedes against BLACKNESS.

MARV'S MOM
Oh, I couldn't sleep for the worry.

MARV
What's got you worried, Mom?

MARV'S MOM
There were some men who came looking for you. They weren't police.

MARV
That was about my new job. I got a new job. It's night work.

In silhouette, she reaches out to touch his bandaged face.

MARV'S MOM
And what have you done to your face?

MARV
I cut myself shaving, that's all.

MARV'S MOM
Now you be honest with your mother. You're getting confused again, aren't you?

MARV
Mom, I feel better than I have in years.

MARV'S MOM
There's something you're not telling me.

MARV
Boy, you can read me like a book, mom. There is something. I met a girl. Her name's Goldie. She's really nice.

And now the window recedes to nothingness. BLACKNESS.

FROM THE BLACKNESS

Two ORBS flash, as before, becoming a man's GLASSES--GOLDIE'S MOUTH appears in a sunburst, murmurs "You make me feel safe"-- The killer's HAND lashes out, brings the blackness back...

...silent LIGHTNING flashes across blackness...

MARV'S VOICE
Damn it, Goldie. Who were you and who wanted you dead?

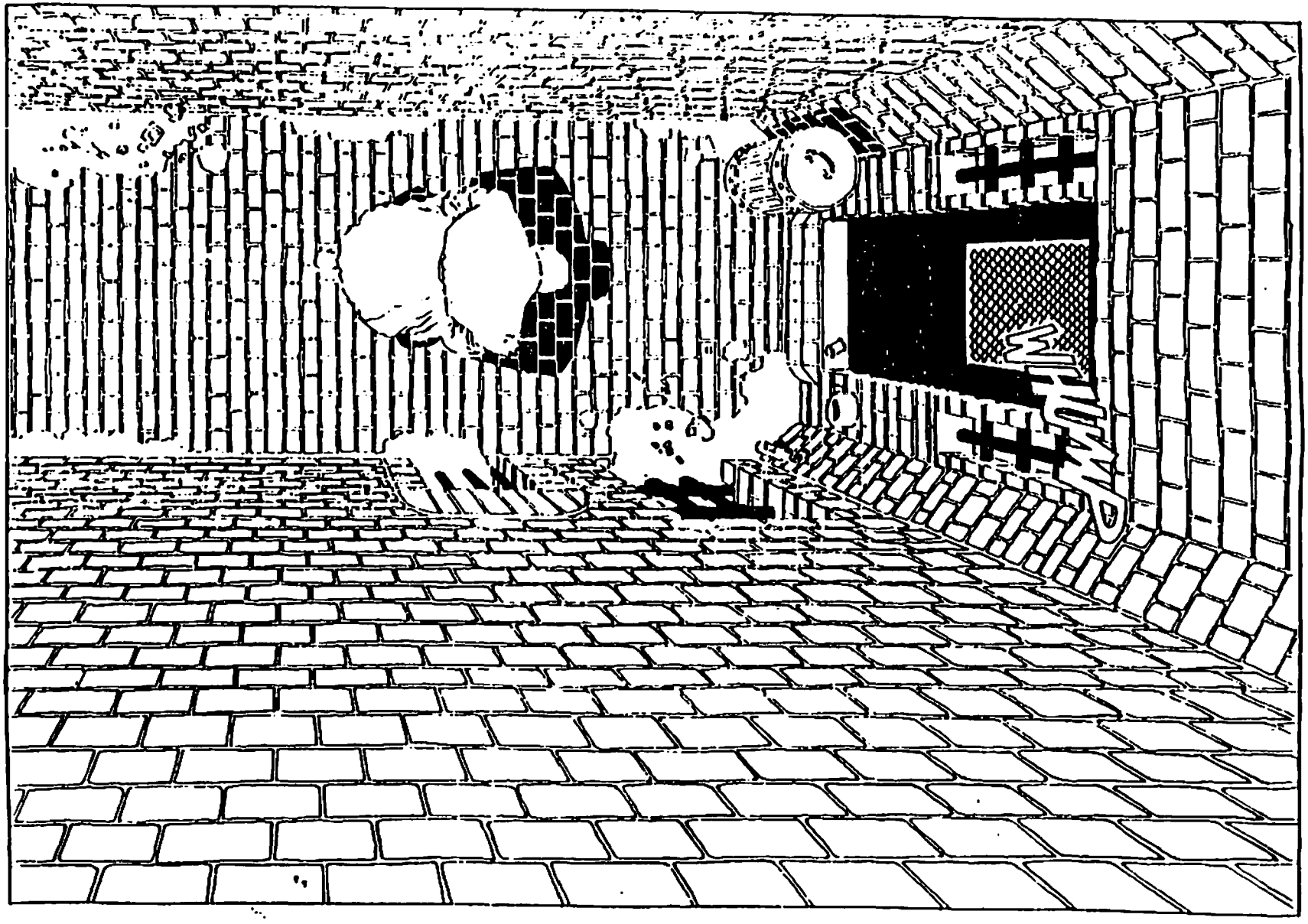
...Tiny at first, MARV stalks right toward camera until the tread of his BOOT fills frame. Low ROLL of thunder. Still no rain.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

His face is a killer's death mask. A distant THUMP echoes. Marv's eyes turn in response.

HIGH ANGLE

An ALLEY, lit only by a single LAMP over a large black DOORWAY. MARV approaches. The THUMPING is louder, now.


WINDOW

THE DOOR

shakes from an impact as another THUMP is heard.

WIDER

The DOOR flies open--as a burly BOUNCER kicks out a ROCKER in standard-issue black leather.

ROCKER SPRAWLS

at Marv's feet. MARV steps over him, never missing a step.

AT THE DOORWAY

BOUNCER confronts MARV.

BOUNCER
And you--your coat looks like Baghdad. So's your face. Take off.

MARV matter-of-factly grabs BOUNCER by the face--and drives hi thumbs into Bouncer's eyes.

INT. NIGHTCLUB

The place is windowless and dark. COUNTRY & WESTERN TYPES abound. MARV drops BOUNCER to his knees and walks past him.

MARV
Tell Kadie it's Marv. It'll be okay.

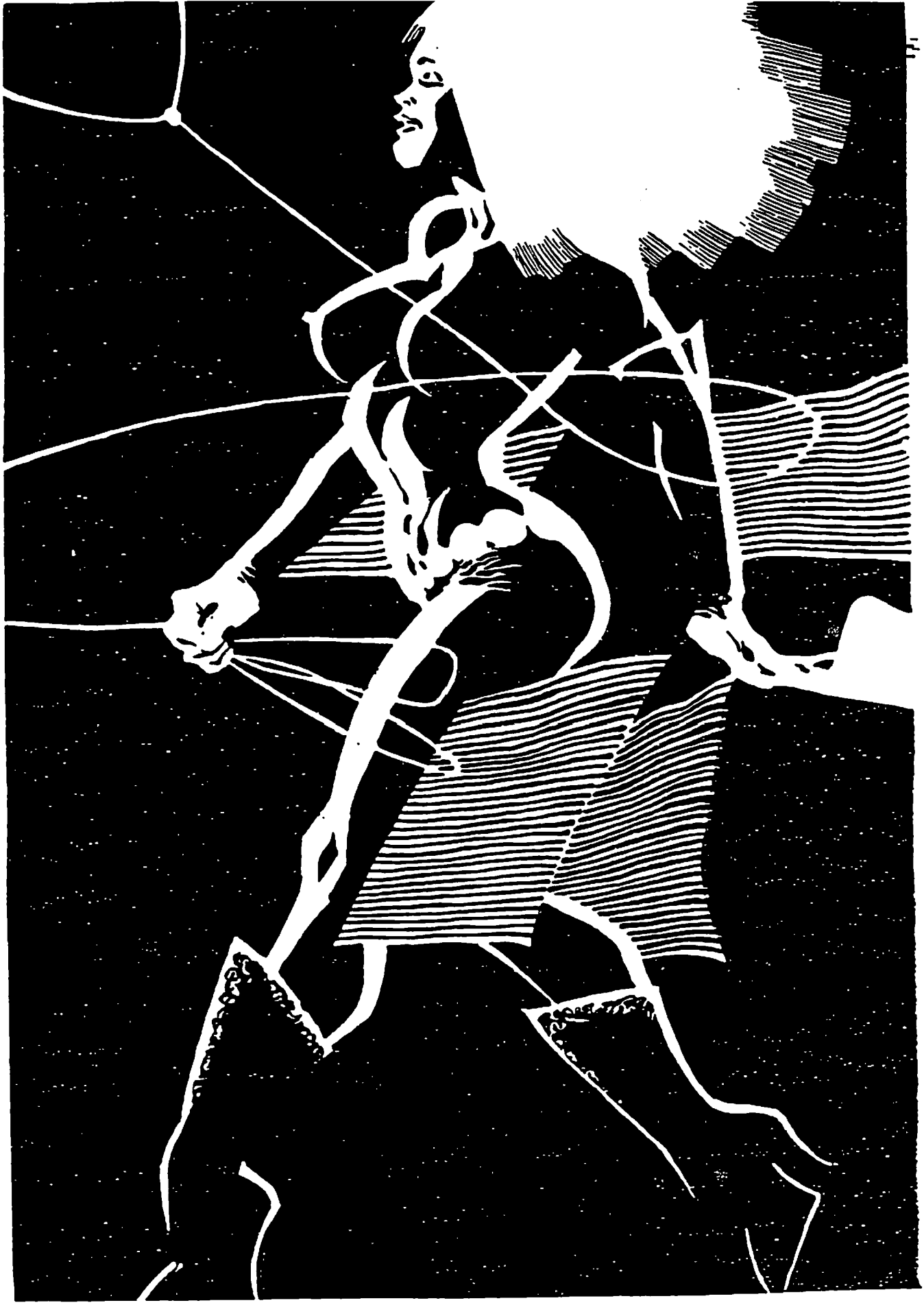
BOUNCER
Okay.

One WOMAN looks apologetically at Marv.

WOMAN
He's new here, Marv. He didn't know.

MARV
Sure. No offense.

MARV moves through the crowd toward the center of attention:



ON THE STAGE

NANCY. A gorgeous dancer in a cowgirl costume and hat, whipping a lasso, a joy to behold.

THE CROWD

watches her, eating it up.

MARV

lights a cigarette and looks about. In background NANCY whirls and jumps, athletic.

AT ONE TABLE

WEEVIL. A hairy little stoolie. He's half way through a long neck when he spots:

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT MARV'S MOUTH

Smiling, showing yellowed teeth.

WEEVIL

tries to bolt--but one of Marv's huge hands clamps down on his head.

TWO COWBOYS

pull their beers out of the way, just in time as MARV slams WEEVIL across their TABLE, holding him by the groin and neck. The COWBOYS move away, tipping their hats to Marv.

MARV
Sorry, guys.

COWBOY
That's okay, Marv.

WEEVIL tries to squirm away. MARV applies more pressure to his groin.

MARV
Take it easy, Weevil. Stop wiggling, will you? I'm here to do you a favor. It's money in your pocket.

Sexy waitress SHELLIE approaches, tray in hand, barely taking note of Weevil.

SHELLIE
What'll it be, Marv?

MARV
A shot and a brew, Shellie. Thanks.

MARV LEANS CLOSE

to WEEVIL, his cigarette dangling from his lip.

MARV
You going to do what I tell you to, Weevil? Exactly what I tell you to?

WEEVIL nods, wide-eyed.

MARV
Because if you do exactly what I tell you to and don't tell anybody I told you to do it they'll pay you money and everything will be fine. But if you tell them I told you to you won't be able to spend the money because I'll find out about it and I'll come after you and I'll rip your nuts off.

WEEVIL
I'll do exactly what you want, Marv.

MARV
There's some people looking for me. But they went looking at my mom's place and I don't like that. So I want them to find me but I don't want them to know I want that, if you catch my drift.

WEEVIL
Right, right. Whatever. Just tell me what to do.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT MARV

He's really enjoying himself.

MARV
Spread the word, Weevil. To all the worst people. And make sure they pay you good because it's worth it. Tell them I've been hitting the joints, drunk off my butt, shooting off my mouth and crying over some hot babe name of Goldie.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - WEEVIL

Terrified. Gasping for breath.

WEEVIL
I'll do it, Marv--

--Weevil GAGS as he is LIFTED out of frame.

WIDER

MARV rolls WEEVIL off the table to the floor. As WEEVIL rises, in pain:

WEEVIL
I'll get the word out. Just like you say.

MARV
And so long as I'm being nice enough to help you get some cash, the least you could do is help me out. I'm flat broke.

WEEVIL hands MARV a couple of bills and lopes away. MARV sits, smiling at SHELLIE, who's brought his drinks.

SHELLIE
We haven't seen you around in a while, Marv. We were getting worried something might've happened.

MARV
I had a rough patch there for a while, but everything's fine now. Right as rain.

SHELLIE moves away. MARV tosses back a shot.

MARV'S HAND

He turns the empty glass upside-down on the table.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

He leans back in his chair, arms crossed, enjoying the show:

ON THE STAGE

NANCY, dancing, whirling her LASSO, leaping. The MUSIC hits its crescendo and so does NANCY, tossing her hat high.

NANCY'S HAT

tumbles through the air, upward, through the loop of her lasso.

BACK TO MARV

He tosses back another shot.

MARV'S HAND

sets his glass down. Now there's two more shot glasses on the table.

RUBY

another dancer, whirls across the stage.

MARV'S HAND

sets his glass down. Now there's five shot glasses on the table.

MARV GLANCES

around the CROWD. Impatient.

MARV POV

IN THE CROWD--glaring straight at camera--a WOMAN--a BLONDE--she looks exactly like Goldie.

MARV

rubs his eyes. He looks again.

MARV POV

She's gone.

BACK TO MARV

He shakes his head. He sips his beer and grins--as somebody brings a PISTOL to his back.

MARV

slugs back the last of his beer and turns.

TWO HIT MEN

stand behind Marv. DWIGHT and EDDIE. Eddie's the big one. He wears an expensive trenchcoat.

MARV

looks drunk as hell.

MARV
Now that is one damn fine coat you're wearing.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

EDDIE leads the way, pulling on RUBBER GLOVES. DWIGHT follows MARV, his PISTOL to Marv's back. MARV is walking unsteadily.

MARV
It must've set you back five bills, at least. That coat, I mean. Damn if it isn't one fine piece of work.

EDDIE
You shut up. Think we're far enough, Dwight?

DWIGHT
A little further. Around the corner. I don't want to have to drag him anywhere. He's gotta weigh a ton.

They turn a corner, stepping over scattered GARBAGE.

MARV
And here I thought they stopped making decent coats back in the fifties. Like cars, you know?

MARV'S FEET

slip on a BANANA PEEL.

MARV TUMBLES

against DWIGHT--and grabs Dwight's GUN HAND.

DWIGHT
EDDIE! HE'S GOT ME!

EDDIE

goes for his PISTOL--

MARV

squeezes the trigger on DWIGHT'S gun--

EDDIE

SHRIEKS as his HAND erupts in blood. EDDIE sinks to his knees--reaches for his fallen PISTOL--but MARV'S FOOT KICKS the PISTOL away--and SLAMS down on Eddie's wounded HAND--pinning him to the ground. Eddie can only watch helplessly as:

MARV

holding DWIGHT like ragdoll, SLAMS him face-first against the alley WALL. Again. Again. Again. The sounds go wet. MARV holds DWIGHT up. Looks him over.

MARV
Just for good measure.

Again. CRUNCH.

DWIGHT

slides down the wall, leaving a huge patch of blood. Dead.

MARV

grins at EDDIE. Releases him. MARV draws his gun--"GLADYS".

MARV
Take it off.

WIDER

MARV kneels, facing EDDIE, "GLADYS" trained on him.

EDDIE
What?

MARV
The coat. Take it off. You're bleeding all over it. Fine coat like that and you're bleeding all over it. It's just not right.

EDDIE pulls his coat off.

EDDIE
All right. Okay. It's yours.

MARV

takes the coat and sets it aside.

MARV
Thanks!

MARV FIRES.

WIDER

EDDIE GURGLES and MOANS as a huge patch of BLOOD spreads across his back.

MARV
I love you guys. Hit men, I mean. No matter what I do to you, I don't feel bad. The fact is, the worse I do, the better it gets.

EDDIE
Don't kill me, man. Please don't kill me.

MARV's pulling his own coat off.

MARV
It wasn't you losers who killed Goldie. The guy who did that, he knew what he was doing.

EDDIE
I'm begging you, man. Don't kill me.

MARV
Still, you got to have something to tell me. Like who it was who sent you.

EDDIE
Just don't kill me!

MARV slams the handle of GLADYS across Eddie's face.

EDDIE'S TEETH

strike the alley floor.

MARV

shoves his face so close to Eddie's they're almost kissing.

MARV
I already have killed you, you jerk! Wise up! But even though it feels like Niagara Falls down there, you'll be a long time dying. And I can make it quick or I can make it worse.

MARV moves to DWIGHT. Pulls out Dwight's WALLET. Grabs a wad of BILLS from it and pockets them. To EDDIE:

MARV
I don't hear any name, jerk. I guess when I shot you in the belly I was aiming a little too high.

EDDIE

stares in mounting terror as MARV'S HAND lowers the GUN BARREL out of frame.

EDDIE
No. I'm begging you.

GUN FIRES. EDDIE SCREAMS.

WIDER

MARV sits back and fires up a cigarette. EDDIE is hunched, his arms between his legs, staring at his groin in disbelief. SIRENS APPROACH.

MARV
You keep holding out on me like this and I'm going to have to get really nasty. I don't think you want that to happen any more than I do.

EDDIE
It was Telly Stern who passed me the order. He runs the tables over at the Triple Ace Club.

MARV

smiles and FIRES. SIRENS are louder, now.

MARV
Thanks again.

EDDIE

A simple round hole appears between his eyes.

MARV

rises from the blood and bodies. He pulls on EDDIE'S COAT. He smiles. A perfect fit.

MARV
Damn, it's good to be alive.

He dashes off. SHADOWS swallow Marv as POLICE LIGHTS sweep the horrid scene.

AT A DOORWAY

POLICE LIGHTS wash over a WOMAN. She's holding a .38 AUTOMATIC. She looks exactly like Goldie. Call her WENDY. She glares with hatred. She steps back into shadow.

EXT. TRIPLE ACE CLUB - DAY

A sleazy casino. PEDESTRIANS walk by. Muffled POUNDING is heard.

A SIGN ON THE DOOR

says "CLOSED". Muffled POUNDING. It rattles the SIGN.

INT. CASINO ENTRANCE - DAY

A huge BRUISER in a suit lies sprawled. The bruiser's gun lies near his hand. His hand twitches. Louder POUNDING.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Two more BRUISERS are sprawled, one with his head pushed through a CRAPS TABLE. Still louder POUNDING.

TELLY STERN

is a bloody mess. Marv holds him by the collar.

STERN
No more. For God's sake. I got the word from Tommy Katz. He hangs at a wop joint on El Camino and Canter.

MARV

nods--and swings a FIST. CRUNCH. MARV plucks Stern's handkerchief from his breast pocket and wipes the blood from his hand.

THE BLOODY HANDKERCHIEF

drifts to the floor.

EXT. STREET - DAY

MARV emerges from a dark ALLEY. He FREEZES, hearing WHISTLING. He pulls back into shadow as a COP walks by, on his beat, whistling.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Modest. A SQUAD CAR rumbles by, not slowing.
Muffled SOUND of FLUSHING.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Most of the tables are empty. A BUSINESSMAN rises from his table and heads for the back. Louder FLUSHING now.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

BUSINESSMAN heads toward a MEN'S ROOM. Louder FLUSHING. BUSINESSMAN looks down:

BUSINESSMAN POV

WATER comes from beneath the door to form a growing puddle at the businessman's feet.

CLOSE SHOT TOMMY'S FACE

His eyes are bulging. BUBBLES swirl. We are staring right at the face of a man who's drowning in a toilet bowl.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

BUSINESSMAN enters in background as MARV flushes a TOILET--
--and pulls TOMMY's head from the bowl. TOMMY gurgles and gasps for breath.

MARV
Feel like talking yet, Tommy?

MARV shoves TOMMY's head back into the bowl and flushes it. He notices the BUSINESSMAN. Cheerful:

MARV
Hey, don't let me get in your way.

BUSINESSMAN shrugs and moves toward an open stall.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A POLICE HELICOPTER flies past a PARKING LOT. MARV emerges from cover and runs across the lot and away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Deserted. Distant SOUND of SCREAMING. A SEDAN approaches. Its driver's side DOOR is open. It turns, revealing: MARV drives one handed, dragging a MAN face first across the pavement. MAN SCREAMS.

MARV
I don't know about you, but I'm having a ball.

A TRAFFIC LIGHT

blinks red.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

A MOTORCYCLE COP writes some poor slob a ticket as MARV drives the SEDAN up. The MAN Marv dragged is slumped next to Marv, his face a red blob. The COP doesn't notice.

TRAFFIC LIGHT

turns GREEN.

WIDER

MARV pulls away, out of frame. WENDY pulls into frame behind him, driving the same CONVERTIBLE Goldie drove.

EXT. CHURCH - SUNSET

A FIERY, wild, western sunset. It highlights a huge ornamental CRUCIFIX. PIGEONS rest on the crucifix.

MARV (V.O.)
Forgive me, father, for I have sinned.

PRIEST (V.O.)
And what have been your sins, my son?

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - SUNSET

MARV'S SEDAN sits parked in the church's lot, next to a MERCEDES BENZ. The DEAD MAN still sits slumped in its seat.

MARV (V.O.)
Well, padre, I don't want to keep you up all night, so I'll just fill you in on the latest batch.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

INTERCUT MARV AND PRIEST. The confessional is dark. PRIEST is chubby, middle-aged. Irish.

MARV
These here hands of mine, they've got blood all over them. Now, you know I don't mean that really. I wouldn't come to church without wiping the blood off.

PRIEST
You're speaking figuratively.

MARV
I knew there was a word for it. You're one smart guy. Myself, I'm not so bright. When I need to find something out, I just look for somebody who knows more than me and I go and ask them.

PRIEST
There's no harm in that.

MARV
Well, sometimes I ask pretty hard. By way of a for instance, I killed three men today. I tortured them first.

PRIEST
This is hardly a place for sick jokes, man.

MARV
You might say I've been working my way up the food chain. The first two guys I whacked, they were minnows, small-time messengers. It was Connelly, the money man, who fingered you.

PRIEST rises, trying to leave as quietly as possible. He FREEZES as he hears a GUN COCK.

MARV
You know what that sound means. Sit down.

PRIEST
Dear Lord, man. This is a house of god.

MARV
Don't go pulling rank on me, padre.

PRIEST
Our Father, Who art in Heaven...

MARV
And don't you start praying on me!

PRIEST
Then let me give you some advice, mister. Get out of here. Get out of Sin City. Sneak into the back of a truck or hop a freight car and haul out of town. Forget about the girl. Crawl into a cave somewhere and forget about her. This one's too big.

MARV
Who's behind it? Who killed Goldie?

PRIEST
You don't want to know.

MARV
Just give me a damn name.

PRIEST
You want a name? I'll give you a name, you sorry bastard. Roark.

MARV stiffens at the name.

SLOW MOTION - CARDINAL ROARK

His face a monument to nobility and power, the most powerful man in Sin City waves from a moving car to a cheering throng.

BACK TO MARV

PRIEST chuckles.

MARV
No. You're just pulling my chain.

PRIEST
That's right. Roark.

MARV
You are really pushing your luck, trying to feed me garbage like this. It can't be that big.

PRIEST
Find out for yourself! There's a farm out at North Cross and Lennox. It's all there.

MARV
You're lying.

PRIEST
Find out for yourself--and while you're at it, ask yourself if that corpse of a slut is worth dying for.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

GUN FIRES, echoing. A PIGEON flies from the huge CRUCIFIX.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

PRIEST clutches at his chest, unbelieving.

MARV
She's worth dying for.

BLAM!--MARV fires.
PRIEST jerks.

MARV
And she's worth killing for.

MARV FIRES.

And she's worth going to hell for.

MARV uncocks his gun.

Amen.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

MARV exits the confessional, pocketing his gun. He pulls the other confessional door open. PRIEST tumbles out. MARV fishes through the priest's pockets.

CLOSE SHOT

Marv gets the priest's CAR KEYS.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MARV moves to the MERCEDES BENZ and uses the priest's keys to open the door. SUDDENLY--TIRES SCREECH--MARV WHIRLS--

A CAR

tears across the parking lot toward MARV--

MARV

pulls out his GUN and takes aim--

THE CAR

rushes forward--It's a CONVERTIBLE--a PORSCHE--A BLONDE is driving it--It's WENDY--

MARV

is stunned.

MARV
Goldie?

WHAM!

--CAR hits MARV--Kicking him into the air--

HE TUMBLES

across pavement as the CAR fishtails--and rams him again. MARV looks up, bewildered, confused.

MARV
Goldie?

WHAM!--it rams him again. This time, Marv holds fast to the car, staring across the hood at WENDY.

MARV
Goldie. Baby.

WENDY

pulls out a .38 REVOLVER, takes aim, still driving like crazy.

WENDY
You're going to pay for what you did to me, you son of a bitch.

WIDER

MARV throws himself from the car and somersaults across the pavement as--WENDY FIRES--

MARV SOMERSAULTS

as BULLETS tear at the pavement.

WENDY

FIRES and FIRES--her pistol clicks, empty. She floors it and tears away.

MARV

rises, utterly confused. He staggers to the MERCEDES.

MARV
Goldie?

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

An old road overlooking SIN CITY. Marv's MERCEDES roars up a hill.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING FAST - NIGHT

MARV drives. With his free hand, he produces the PILL BOTTLE and uses his teeth to get it open.

MARV (V.O.)
That wasn't Goldie back there.
Goldie is dead. I just got confused.

Marv sucks back all the remaining PILLS in the bottle. He GULPS, swallowing the pills.

MARV (V.O.)
I forgot to take my medicine.

MARV glares forward, right at camera.

MARV
When you've got a condition, it's bad to forget your medicine.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Marv's MERCEDES tears off and away.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

It's dark, spooky. CRICKETS CHIRP. Marv's MERCEDES rumbles to a stop. MARV exits the car and breaks into a sprint.

MARV'S BOOTS

An IGUANA jumps away as MARV runs. DRY LEAVES CRUNCH underfoot.

MARV

pauses, hearing a WOLF HOWL. Then a faint CLACKING SOUND, distant. And Marv is on the move again.

A WINDMILL

Ancient. Large. It CLACKS loudly in the wind.

MARV

emerges from the forest edge. He pauses, taking it in:

THE FARM

is large, dark. Barren. It looks deserted. TUMBLEWEED blows by. Marv moves across the farmyard, low to the ground, silent and wary.

A RUSTING TRACTOR

casts a black shadow across the dirt. MARV slides from the shadow. He WHIRLS at a RATTLING SOUND--draws his GUN fast as lightning--has it cocked and aimed--

MARV POV

A RATTLESNAKE shakes its tail and slithers off.

MARV

uncocks his gun and moves on, heading toward a dilapidated FARM HOUSE. No lights are on in the house. No sign of life.

AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

MARV turns a corner, into view, moving into shadow.

A HATCHET

is stuck in a TREE STUMP. The stump is soaked with blood. MARV'S HAND touches the stump. The BLOOD is wet enough to stick to his finger. A low GROWL--Marv turns to face:

A WOLF

Huge. Red-eyed. Marv leans low, facing off with the wolf, his hands open and empty.

MARV
I don't want a fight, pooch.

The wolf BELLOWS at him. SALIVA drips from its mouth.

MARV
Easy, boy. I got no gripe with you.

The WOLF CHARGES--MARV lifts it from the ground with a KICK--MARV swings a FIST--knocking the wolf unconscious. It falls near a discarded SLEDGE HAMMER.

HIGH ANGLE

MARV leans over the WOLF. He checks its pulse, not noticing as the SHADOW OF A MAN crawls across the SLEDGE HAMMER.

CLOSE SHOT

MARV spots something small sticking from the ground. It glints. Marv tugs at it. Pulls it out. The gleam came from the tip of the heel of a HIGH-HEELED SHOE. MARV digs around some more.

IN THE SHADOWS

behind Marv--KEVIN. Young. Unkempt. Smiling blandly. He wears WIRE RIM GLASSES.

KEVIN'S FEET

He wears sneakers. He breaks into a run. He doesn't make a sound.

MARV

pulls a HUMAN FEMUR from the dirt. MARV whirls--

WIDER

KEVIN delivers a devastating FLYING KICK to Marv's neck. MARV tumbles against an old FENCE--

KEVIN

shifts balance from one foot to another, like a boxer. Still that bland smile.

MARV

draws his GUN--another savage KICK from Kevin throws the shot off.

MARV'S FEET

trip backward across the handle of the discarded SLEDGE HAMMER.

MARV

lands hard. He struggles to rise. KEVIN kicks MARV in the face.

CLOSE SHOT KEVIN

Kevin holds up one hand to show Marv his FINGERS. The nails are carved to points. Razor sharp.

KEVIN

stabs his fingers to Marv's WRIST--MARV'S FINGERS jerk stiff, straight, dropping his GUN.

KEVIN'S FINGERS

RAKE across MARV'S EYES, drawing BLOOD.

WIDER ANGLE

Marv staggers, trying to clear the BLOOD from his eyes, swinging wildly. Kevin ducks and dodges with ease.

CLOSE SHOT - MARV

He's trying to wipe the blood away.

MARV
It was YOU...

FLASHBACK

The ORBS swim against blackness, then come into focus as a pair of GLASSES--the silhouette of the man matches Kevin's.

KEVIN PICKS UP

the SLEDGE HAMMER. Hefts it. MARV is ranting.

MARV
IT WAS YOU, YOU BASTARD! YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED GOLDIE!

CLOSE SHOT MARV

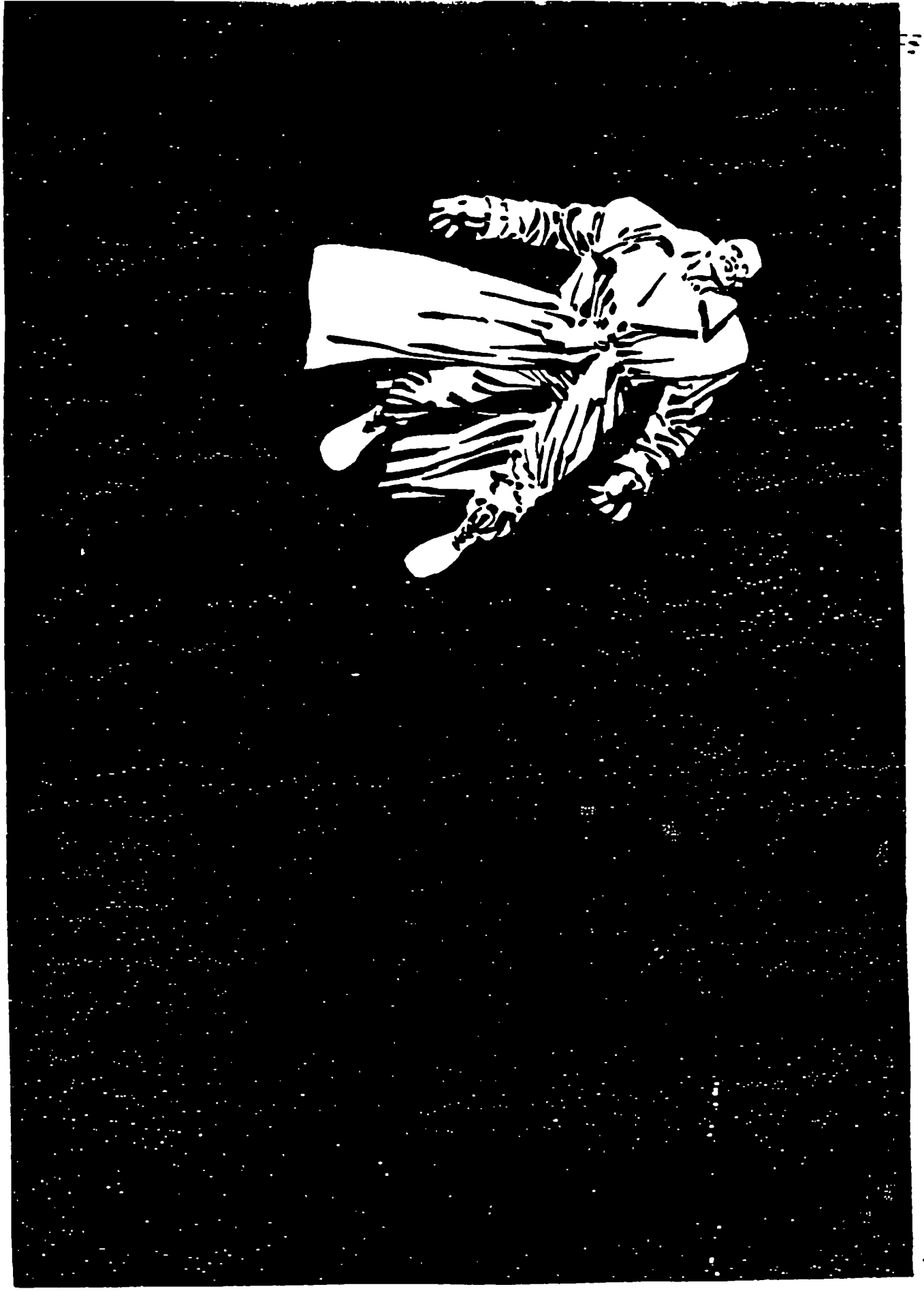
MARV rubs his eyes, looks up to SEE:

MARV POV

KEVIN swings the HAMMER right at camera. CRUNCH!

BLACKNESS

Tiny at first--MARV tumbles through BLACKNESS, end over end, weightless, leaving a bloody SPRAY from his face...he floats through blackness...and away. Then, LIGHT grows...



INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

MARV lies face-first on a tiled floor. Bathroom ti
clean. Sparkling clean. DRAINS are placed across t
looks up. His face is a horrid mess.

MARV POV

The WALL. More tiles. PAN ACROSS WALL to see a WOMAN'S HEAD mounted on a plaque, like a trophy. Then another. And another. Six in all.

MARV

turns at a VOICE from behind him. It's LUCILLE. Curled in a ball. Naked.

LUCILLE
He keeps the heads. He eats the rest.

MARV moves toward her.

MARV
Lucille? What the hell's going on here?

CLOSE SHOT LUCILLE

Her eyes are wide, pupils dilated. She quakes, in shock.

LUCILLE
He eats people. It's not just that wolf of his. It's him. He eats people. The wolf just gets scraps. Bones. It's him. He eats people.

WIDER

MARV pulls his COAT off, wraps it around her.

MARV
You're in shock, Lucille.

LUCILLE
He cooks them first.

MARV
You got to settle down, kid. You're in shock. Here. Let's get you warm.

LUCILLE
He cooks them. Like they were steaks. And now he's got both of us.

He holds her, rocking her gently.

MARV
It's all right. Take a nice, slow breath.

LUCILLE
He made me watch. The son of a bitch made me watch.

CLOSER

She holds out her arms. HER LEFT HAND is gone. The stump is neatly bandaged.

MARV
Oh, Jesus!

LUCILLE
He kept smiling that damn smile of his! He made me watch him suck the meat off my fingers! Son of a bitch! HE MADE ME WATCH!

She's thrashing wildly. MARV struggles to restrain her. Her scream rises. PAN UP to a WINDOW, high on the wall. Thick STEEL BARS block any exit.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

KEVIN stands calmly near the basement WINDOW. He listens to her scream, still smiling.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

LUCILLE sobs in Marv's embrace, crying helplessly.

CLOSE SHOT

She wipes the tears away.

LUCILLE
Christ, I could use a cigarette.

He gets her one. He lights it for her, staring into her eyes.

MARV
We're in this together, Lucille. And that's how we're getting out of it. You're gonna be okay.

WIDER

She rises and puts his TRENCH COAT on. It's so big on her the skirt drags the floor as she paces. MARV stares at the huge steel DOOR to the room.

LUCILLE
God, Marv. What have you gotten us into?

MARV
I don't know yet. It's pretty weird.

LUCILLE
And it's pretty damn big. Whoever's behind all this has got connections right in the department.

MARV stares up at the single WINDOW of the room.

MARV
One guy I talked to, he said it was Roark running the show.

LUCILLE whirls, eyes narrowing.

LUCILLE
Roark? Cardinal Roark?

MARV
St. Patrick himself.

SLOW MOTION LOW ANGLE CARDINAL ROARK

The Cardinal gestures, speaking, powerful, a stain glass window behind him.

LUCILLE

shakes her head.

LUCILLE
That's got to be bullshit. But whoever it is, he knew I was checking out that hooker almost before I knew it.

MARV

springs to the WINDOW. He pulls on the BARS with a grunt. No luck. Then he looks over his shoulder at Lucille, curious.

MARV
What hooker?

LUCILLE
The one you've been obsessing over. The dead one. Goldie.

MARV
I didn't know she was a hooker. It doesn't make any difference about anything, but I didn't know that about her.

LUCILLE
She was very high-class stuff. Top dollar. She must've shown you quite a time.

MARV
Let's not talk about that, okay? Tell me about him. The bum who snuck into my room and killed Goldie and did what he did to you.

LUCILLE
I never knew what hit me. I was walking to my car. That's all I can remember. Then I was in his kitchen. I was paralyzed. I smelled meat cooking. He'd cut it off before I came to...

MARV
Hold on. Quiet. There's a car coming...

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

MARV is visible at the WINDOW, straining at the BARS as:

A BLACK STRETCH LIMO

pulls up the drive and stops. Its HORN HONKS.

MARV

is straining to see who's in the limo as:

MARV POV

KEVIN pops into view, very close.

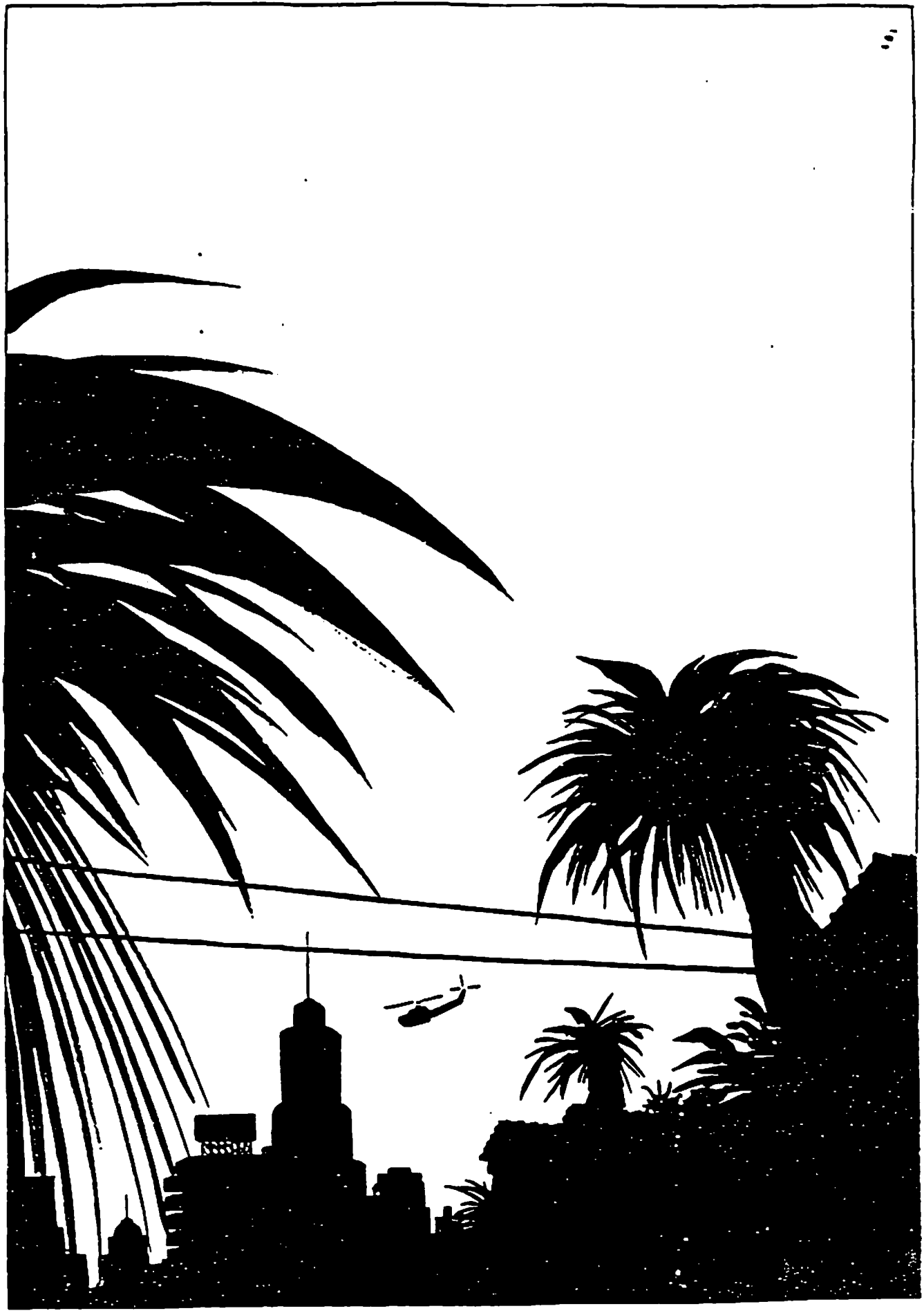
ROARK'S VOICE
KEVIN! KEVIN! COME QUICKLY!

WIDER

And MARV is roaring with rage and shaking the bars and bellowing as Kevin runs to the limo and gets in. The limo drives away. MARV'S BELLOW ECHOES as we pull back and away.

EXT. HELIPORT - NIGHT

A SQUAD of armored COPS scrambles aboard a POLICE HELICOPTER. A POLICE CAPTAIN wearing a TRENCH COAT boards the forward cabin. HELICOPTER takes off.



LONG SHOT EXT. FARM - NIGHT

A deep THUD echoes across the barren place.

THE HATCHET

sits undisturbed, at the stump. Another THUD.

INT. KITCHEN

Simple. Spartan. Another THUD. GLASSES on a shelf rattle.

INT. STAIRWELL

Another THUD. It shakes FARM TOOLS held by hooks to the stairwell wall.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Another THUD. It shakes a box of DETERGENT on the washer.

AT THE DOORWAY

Another THUD. It shakes a TWO-BY-FOUR that serves as a deadbolt for the huge steel DOOR.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT LUCILLE

She looks like she's watching a tennis match, her eyes tracking horizontal movement. She follows whatever she's following in the opposite direction. Another THUD.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

On his back. Looking up. Determined.

MARV RISES

and flings himself at the STEEL DOOR. Another THUD as he hits it. He falls backward across the floor.

GRAAA

LUCILLE

lights another cigarette. Her expression shows that she's been watching this action for awhile.

LUCILLE
I don't think it's working, Marv.

MARV TRACKING

Marv rises--and charges the DOOR. Another THUD. He falls back across the floor. He rises--CHARGES--

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Another THUD. A SCREW shakes at the lock of the DOOR.

ON THE WASHER

Another THUD. The box of DETERGENT falls on its side.

INT. BASEMENT

MARV throws himself at the DOOR--

INT. STAIRWELL

Another THUD. A pair of LAWN SHEARS falls from a HOOK.

INT. BASEMENT

MARV fies through the air, roaring--

INT. KITCHEN

Another THUD. GLASSES clatter--and CRASH across the floor.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Another THUD. CRACKS around the SCREWS, now.

INT. BASEMENT

LUCILLE watches, impassive as--MARV leaps at the DOOR--

MARV
That's what we're supposed to call them, anyway.

LUCILLE
You've got to turn yourself over.

MARV
Are you crazy?

LUCILLE
No. You are, remember? Give it up, Marv. It's the only way.

MARV
They didn't come to arrest me, kid.

LUCILLE
You're getting confused again.

MARV
Nah. Right this minute, I know exactly what I'm doing. And exactly who to do it to.

LUCILLE lets go of him and moves out of sight. MARV stares out, GUN ready.

IN THE DISTANCE

A COP runs from the house. He speaks to the CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN gestures the men to fan out.

AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

Marv's back is to LUCILLE as she lifts a ROCK. She SLAMS the rock into the back of Marv's skull.

MARV SINKS

to his knees. He looks at her. Groggy.

LUCILLE
You're not going to get either of us killed, Marv.

WHAM!--she hits him across the temple with the ROCK. He falls across the ground. She grabs his GUN--and dashes off as Marv struggles to rise. She's gone by the time he gets to his feet. He staggers off and away.

IN THE WOODS

MARV is a hulking silhouette, moving among the trees. A predator.

IN THE YARD

CAPTAIN whirls--and trains a MACHINE PISTOL at LUCILLE as she approaches. He keeps the gun trained at her stomach.

LUCILLE
No--don't shoot. I'm his parole officer.

CAPTAIN
Where is he?

LUCILLE
He's nearby. He's unconscious and unarmed.

She hands the CAPTAIN Marv's GUN.

CAPTAIN
Thank you, ma'am. Where exactly is he?

LUCILLE
I'll show you.

She heads toward the forest. CAPTAIN gestures COPS to join him and follows her. He keeps his MACHINE PISTOL trained at her back.

BEHIND THE HOUSE

MARV'S SHADOW crawls across the ground as he moves. He pauses at the STUMP. He grabs the HATCHET. He flips the HATCHET into the air--and catches it, one handed.

AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

LUCILLE leads the CAPTAIN to the spot where she left Marv. He is, of course, gone. As the COPS look about:

LUCILLE
He was right here. God, what's his skull made out of?

CAPTAIN
Fan out. Shoot to kill.

LUCILLE
I gave you his gun. There's no reason for you to kill him.

CAPTAIN
There's every reason, ma'am. Once he's told us who else he's spoken to.

LUCILLE
What are you saying?

CAPTAIN

fires his MACHINE PISTOL.

LUCILLE

jerks as BULLETS rip across her, perforating her coat.

IN THE YARD

MARV runs, holding the HATCHET, reacting in horror at the sound of another MACHINE GUN BURST.

IN THE FOREST

CAPTAIN fires another BURST at LUCILLE as she clings helplessly to a tree. She falls away.

LUCILLE SPRAWLS

face-first to the ground. CAPTAIN steps over her and FIRES.

CLOSE SHOT LUCILLE

Her eyes are dead as she jerks from the bullets.

WIDER

A COP approaches the CAPTAIN.

COP
Excuse me, captain. But we've checked the area. And there's no sign of him.

MARV APPEARS

behind the COP, throws an arm around the cop's neck.

MARV
Here's a sign.

Marv brings the HATCHET up between the cop's legs.

WIDER

MARV kicks the COP into another, flattening him.

CAPTAIN FIRES

--missing Marv and blowing a chunk out of a tree--as Marv leaps atop COP #2--and buries the HATCHET in his face.

COPS CONVERGE

looking for a clear shot as Marv moves like lighting--chopping them down, one by one.

THE CAPTAIN

keeps firing--he hits one of his own men--and keeps firing anyway.

MARV

swings the HATCHET.

A COP'S HEAD

rolls across grass to stop at the captain's FEET.

MARV PAUSES

staring at the barrel of the captain's MACHINE PISTOL. Point blank range.

THE CAPTAIN

takes careful aim and pulls the trigger. CLICK. Empty.

WIDER

DEAD COPS lie everywhere. Only MARV and the CAPTAIN are standing. MARV grabs the CAPTAIN by the lapel.

MARV

looks him over.
He glances down:

CLOSE SHOT LUCILLE

Her lovely face still carries the horror of her murder.

MARV'S EYES

burn bloodshot-red as he ever-so-slightly shifts his glance.

CLOSE SHOT LUCILLE'S BACK

The back of her coat is shredded by exit wounds.

MARV

shoves his face VERY CLOSE to the captain's. His voice a hiss:

MARV
Now that is one damn fine coat you're wearing.

A LIGHTNING BOLT

streaks the sky, silent. Light RAIN begins to fall.

THE CAPTAIN'S COAT

is draped neatly over a FENCE POST. Droplets of RAIN strike it and dribble off. Low ROLL of thunder. CRUNCHING sounds. A MOAN.

THE CAPTAIN

is handcuffed to a rusty old TRACTOR. CAPTAIN has been horribly beaten. One of his LEGS is bent, all wrong. The SLEDGE HAMMER drops to the ground in front of him.

MARV

is stripped to the waist, wiping blood from his arms and chest with his shirt.

MARV
Now are you going to come clean or do I have to go back to using the hatchet again?

He tosses his shirt away and picks up the HATCHET.

I mean, look at this thing. It's a fine hatchet, but I've been using it in ways you shouldn't and it's just about lost its edge.

CAPTAIN
You're in way over your head, you stupid bastard.

MARV
Yeah. People keep telling me that.

CAPTAIN
Anybody tell you about Roark?

Marv is shaken. This time he knows it's true. Captain chuckles.

CAPTAIN
I'm afraid I can't fill you in on any of the fine details. All I know is what the order was and where it came from. Roark wants you dead. And that means you're dead.

CAPTAIN begins to laugh. MARV picks up the SLEDGE HAMMER and SWINGS it. CRUNCH. It silences the captain.

A LIGHTNING BOLT

rips across the sky, blinding, the CRACK! of thunder right on time with it. The storm's right on top of us, and it's a big one. RAIN falls, a torrent.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

BLINDING RAIN FALLS. MARV walks. His eyes are hollow, haunted.

MARV (V.O.)
Roark. Damn it. I'm as good as dead.

He pauses to pull out a pack of CIGARETTES. His hands shake.

A COUPLE OF CIGARETTES

fall to the pavement.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

His eyes dart, wild.

FLASHBACK GOLDIE'S FINGERS

catch at the CRUCIFIX at Marv's neck. GOLDIE has a moment of fear, staring at it.

BACK TO MARV

His eyes stare straight at camera with growing determination.

MARV (V.O.)
You were scared too, weren't you, Goldie? You were looking for protection and you paid for it with your body and more--with love, with wild fire, making me feel like a king. Like a damn white knight. Like a hero. What a laugh.

He tries again with the cigarettes. This time his hands don't shake.

MARV (V.O.)
Damn it, Goldie. I owe you and I'm going to pay up.

We pull up and away as Marv stares at the rain.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

A HUGE STATUE

of CARDINAL ROARK looms, arms raised. A VOICE rings out, stentorian.

SCHOOLTEACHER (V.O.)
Patrick Henry Roark.

AT THE BASE OF THE STATUE

A SCHOOLTEACHER lectures young CHILDREN in school uniforms.

SCHOOLTEACHER
His ancestors built Basin City from the dusty desert. And he is the city's heart and soul and conscience.

SCHOOLTEACHER glances nervously, noticing:

MARV

approaches, hands in pockets. He looks pretty creepy.

SCHOOLTEACHER
Patrick Henry Roark. Man of the cloth. War hero in the Medical Corps. Philanthropist. Educator. He could have become President--but he chose to serve God.

MARV
Yeah, and along the way he just happened to become the most powerful man in the state. He's brought down mayors and gotten governors elected.

SCHOOLTEACHER
Excuse me, sir. There are children present.

MARV
And here he's going to get killed in the name of a dead hooker.

SCHOOLTEACHER
SIR!

MARV
I'm getting used to the idea. More and more I'm liking the sound of it.

He pulls his GUN out.

SCHOOLTEACHER

recoils in horror--

MARV

fires his gun--

ROARK STATUE

--a perfect shot between the statue's eyes.

MARV

bursts out laughing. He kisses the barrel of his gun.

MARV
Good girl. Good girl.

MARV collects himself, looks around.

TERRIFIED KIDS

huddle, fearful. A little girl cries.

MARV

matches their look of terror with one of inward horror. He runs off.

EXT. TRESTLE - DAY

A LOCOMOTIVE

roars straight at camera, its roar deafening.

MARV

sits among the shaking BEAMS of the trestle as the train roars by overhead. A haunted man.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Bartender JOSIE brings drinks to MARV and his companion: an old WINO, unshaven, ugly. A hopeless drunk. Marv speaks frantically.

MARV
It hit me like a kick in the nuts. What if I'm wrong? What if I imagined it, all of it, from Goldie to Roark?

WINO

has already emptied his glass. He waves it, in a plea.

WINO
This is damn fine stuff here.

Marv gestures to JOSIE and slides money across the table to her.

MARV
One more over here, Josie.

She brings the wino another drink.

WINO
You better be sure about what you're doing, boy. You can't kill a man without knowing for sure you ought to.

MARV
I can't figure out how to make sure. I don't know where to look.

WINO
Think, boy. You never been as dumb as you think you are. This dame you been talking about--

MARV
Goldie. Her name was Goldie.

WINO
Well, there's a place to start. She was a hooker, right?

MARV
That's what Lucille said.

WINO
Go to Old Town. If she was a hooker, she's got friends there. Maybe even family. Hell, I'll go with you. Along the way we can get some of what you got the other night, huh?

MARV rises.

MARV
I'll go alone. Thanks anyway.

WINO
You know, boy, I hate to ask this, but I'm still between jobs...

MARV hands him some money.

WINO
And how's your mother doing, these days?

MARV
Mom's fine. You should call her sometime, dad.

EXT. "OLD TOWN" - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Sin City's version of Storyville in New Orleans. A place of old, low buildings, of cobblestones and antique lamp posts and drunken mornings and sweaty sex.

HOOKERS

of every style abound. Outrageous, provacative work clothes. PICKUP TRUCKS prowl. COWBOYS look for a good time. And if they've got the cash, they'll find it here.

CHERI

a small, sweet young lady of the night. She freshens up her lipstick, using a saloon window as a mirror. In the mirror the shadowed figure of MARV approaches.

CHERI
Oh, my goodness. You're a big one.

She turns, flashing a professional smile. The smile fades.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

His monstrous face does its best not be be frightening. It fails.

MARV
Don't run off. I just need to talk.

WIDER

Cheri slides past Marv and starts walking away. Marv follows her, his hands out in a plea.

CHERI
Sorry. I don't do talk jobs.

MARV
I don't mean like that. I'm just looking for information. I've got money. I can pay.

CHERI
I don't do cops, either.

MARV
I'm no cop. This is private.

She whirls, confronting him. She produces a small WHISTLE.

CHERI
Keep it private. You see this? I blow it and you'll get a bullet through your brain. And you'll never know where it came from.

MARV
I'm just trying to find out about one of you girls. She got killed. Her name was Goldie.

CHERI turns her back on Marv to hide her shock. She recognizes the name. MARV gives up, turning away himself.

MARV
Okay. I didn't mean to be rude.

Now she's the one doing the following.

CHERI
No. Wait. I was the one being rude. I'm sorry.

MARV
Did you know Goldie?

CHERI
I'm not sure. I think I might have met a Goldie once.

MARV
Well, thanks anyway.

Now she squirrels around in front of him, stopping him.

CHERI
Tell you what. We'll get you a beer and I'll make a couple of calls and see what I can find out.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

He smiles innocently. The perfect dupe.

MARV
That's really nice of you. I really appreciate it.

INT. SALOON - DAY

A BARMAID

carries a load of drinks past MARV at the bar. She passes:

CHERI

Who is huddled nervously at a PAYPHONE.

CHERI
Yes, I'm sure. It's him. He even asked about Goldie.

She sneaks a glance over her shoulder at MARV. He waves and smiles and sips his beer. Cheri turns back, cups her hand over the receiver.

Yeah. I've got it. Okay.

AT THE BAR

MARV turns as CHERI saunters up, all smiles.

CHERI
I think I've found somebody who can help you. It's right around the corner. We can walk.

MARV
I can't get over how nice you're being about this.

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

Old. Victorian style. CHERI and MARV cross the street and head up the stoop.

INT. HALLWAY

Thick carpets. Antique nude PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall. It's easy to figure out what this place is used for. CHERI leads MARV toward a DOOR.

INT. BEDROOM

The room is dark, but desert SUNLIGHT cuts shafts across the room from tall, draped windows. CHERI enters first. MARV follows.

MARV
You sure this is the right room?

CHERI

whirls to face Marv, snarling.

CHERI
I'm sure, you son of a bitch.

CHERI kicks Marv in the groin.

A BASEBALL BAT

slams down on Marv's head.

MARV

whirls, fist ready, then hesitates, startled, seeing:

MARLENE

a beautiful hooker, weilding the bat with confidence. She SLAMS the bat across Marv's face.

MARV

staggers as dominatrix GAIL steps up behind him with a bat. WHAM!--she clubs him.

MARV PIVOTS

snatching the bat from Gail as:

HEIDI

yet another hooker, slams a bat across his head.

HIGH ANGLE

MARV drops to his knees. The HOOKERS converge.

AT ONE WINDOW

WENDY emerges from silhouette, glaring with hatred.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

Bewildered. Stunned. His eyes widen.

MARV
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE GOLDIE! YOU CAN'T! GOLDIE'S DEAD!

WENDY

delivers a beautifully executed SPINNING KICK--driving the spiked HEEL of her shoe at Marv's temple.

BLACKNESS

MARV spins across blackness...he vanishes, out of sight...And in the blackness--a sudden SPLASHING sound. COUGHING.

MARV POV

GAIL steps back from him, a bucket of water in her hands. WENDY nods to her. GAIL swings the BUCKET. WATER FILLS FRAME.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT MARV

His eyes flicker open. He's drenched with water. WATER splashes over him again. He COUGHS. He tries to move. He can't.

MARV'S HANDS

are bound to the back of a CHAIR by ROPE tied in an elaborate knot.

WIDER

The WOMEN surround Marv. He's stripped to the waist and bound to a chair. SUNLIGHT still streams through windows. He's in th same room, and it's still daytime. He's staring at Wendy and he's babbling like an idiot.

MARV
It's okay, Goldie. Just do whatever you want to with me. It doesn't matter because you aren't here and I'm not here. Right now I'm probably lying in a gutter someplace talking to myself.

WENDY

stalks to Marv and pistol-whips Marv, slamming the barrel across his face.

MARV

spits a tooth from his bloody mouth and bubbles with laughter.

WENDY
You BASTARD!

MARLENE
He's crazy.

GAIL
He's faking it. Hit him again, Wendy. Harder.

KRAKK! The BARREL slams across Marv's face.

MARV
You shouldn't hit me that way, Goldie. With the barrel, I mean. You'll knock it out of whack. If you're going to pistol-whip somebody, do it right and use the handle.

KRAKK!

MARV'S BOOTS

leave the floor as the chair is rocked by the impact.

MARV

rocks back forward, his battered face suddenly curious.

MARV
Wait a minute. Just hold on a second. Why'd she call you "Wendy"?

WENDY
Because that's my name, you ape! Goldie was my sister! My twin sister!

MARV
I guess she was the nice one.

KRAK! KRAKK! KRAKK!

GAIL
Harder!

Her face an inch from his:

WENDY
You're going to die, mister. But first you're going to talk. Goldie and the other six--where are they? What did you do to them?

MARV
You've got it all wrong. Take a look at this mug! Would any of you let me get close enough to you to kill you?

GLANCES

from one woman to the next. He's got a point.

MARV
And I'll bet the cops didn't do a damn thing about those other girls, did they? But once they had me for a fall guy they showed up guns blazing! You kill me and you're doing the real killer a great big fat favor! So go ahead. Shoot me now or get the hell out of my way.

CHERI

bites her lip.

WENDY

turns her back to him and crosses to a WINDOW. She sets her PISTOL on an end table.

GAIL

slumps in her chair, disappointed.

GAIL
Oh, nuts.

WIDER

ALL REACT IN SHOCK as MARV stands up, the ROPES falling away, unbound.

MARV
Okay. I'm glad we got all that sorted out.

GAIL
No! I tied those knots--and that's my specialty!

WENDY

stares at Marv with new eyes as he fires up a cigarette.

WENDY
You sat there and took it...when you could have taken my gun away from me any time you wanted to.

MARV
Sure. But I probably would've had to paste you one. And I don't hurt girls.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

THE MEDICINE CABINET MIRROR

SOUNDS of running WATER. A SPLASH. MARV'S FACE rises into view, in reflection. It's covered with cuts and welts. One EYE is closed in a massive bruise. His LIP is split, horribly.

MARV
Looking good, Marv.

He SPITS.

AT THE SINK

Marv's bloody spit strikes a sink streaked and spotted with his blood. It SWIRLS down the drain.

AT THE DOORWAY

WENDY appears. She pauses, staring at:

MARV'S BACK

His broad, muscular back is a road map of scars from a hundred horrid battles. This guy's been keel-hauled by life.

THE MIRROR

MARV looks up to see Wendy's reflection.

MARV
Do you need to use the john? I can wait.

WIDER

The bathroom is elegant, Victorian. WENDY crosses the room to come to Marv's side.

WENDY
No, I just wanted to apologize.

MARV
That's okay. You was just doing what you thought you ought to.

WENDY picks up up a bottle of peroxide and wets a washcloth with it. She begins daubing at his face. Her movements are gentle, intimate. Marv can't take his eyes off her.

WENDY
Here, let me help...this'll sting...you'll need a doctor for that lip.

MARV
No, just get me a needle and thread. I can take care of it.

Marv tracks her movements as she gets needle and thread from a drawer and brings them back. MARV tries to thread the needle and fumbles, stabbing himself. She takes it from him. She threads the needle. Still he stares.

WENDY
Who was it, Marv? Who killed Goldie?

MARV
Farm boy, name of Kevin. But it was Roark who ordered it. Cardinal Roark.

WENDY

mouths a silent whistle.

MARV
I know that sounds crazy.

WENDY
No, it doesn't. Goldie worked the clergy.

MARV

turns back to the mirror and gets to work on his lip. He pauses, noticing that Wendy has not left.

WENDY
How do you expect to get out of this alive?

MARV
I don't.

MARV gets back to work on his lip. WENDY stares at him, wide-eyed.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

THE WOMEN

rise from chairs and turn from windows as BOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

AT THE DOORWAY

Backlit, gigantic, confident, MARV pulls the belt tight on his trenchcoat.

I NEED A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS.
WHAT STYLE YOU WANT? I GOT A COLLECTION.
JUST GIVE HIM THE ONES YOU'VE GOT WITH YOU, GAIL.

MARV
I need a pair of handcuffs.

GAIL
What style you want? I got a collection.

WENDY
Just give him the ones you've got with you, Gail.

GAIL

shrugs and snaps a stylish pair of HANDCUFFS from her belt and tosses it.

THE HANDCUFFS

tumble through the air, gleaming. Marv catches them.

MARV
Thanks. I'm also going to need a car.

WENDY

pulls her coat on and leads the way to the door.

WENDY
You've got a car--and a driver. Come on.

INT. ALLEY - DAY

MARV and WENDY walk down a narrow alley of crumbling brick and cobblestone toward her PORSCHE.

MARV
This ain't no kind of work for a lady.

WENDY
She was my sister. I'm in this to the end.

MARV
You're pretty steamed, aren't you? You're seeing red.

WENDY
You're damn right I am!

MARV whirls, holding Wendy by her shoulders.

MARV
Well, that's all wrong. You don't go in hot when you're killing. You go in cold, ice cold. You go in careful.

WENDY
I'm going with you.

MARV
That's not smart. There's no reason for you to get yourself killed.

WENDY
Mister, you knew Goldie for a couple of hours. I came out of the god damn womb with her. You can bet I'm ready to die just like you are.

MARV
If you're coming along, you're going to do what I say. Exactly what I say. It doesn't matter if you disagree with it or if you think it's crazy. We got no room for mistakes.

He releases her. They walk together.

Especially since I'm up against a guy who can kick my butt from here to sunday.

MARV abruptly stumbles and drops to one knee. WENDY helps him rise.

WENDY
What is it?

MARV
Nothing. Just a little tired.

WENDY
How long has it been since you've slept?

MARV
Not counting being knocked out, I don't know. A few days. But I'm okay.

WENDY
The hell you are. Come on. I could use a nap, too.

MARV
Not around here. They'll be looking for me.

WENDY
I know a place. Come on.

She guides him toward the car.

It'll be great to get out of these clothes, anyway. Beating you up made me all sweaty.

MARV
Yeah. I can tell.

WENDY
Well, pardon me.

MARV
No, it's nice.

EXTREME CLOSE ANGLE - MARV

He lies sleeping, restlessly. A soft womanly SIGH is heard. Marv's eyes SNAP OPEN, wide awake. His eyes move to the side. CONSTERNATION twists his features and we pull away to:

HIGH ANGLE

It's a bedroom somewhere. Marv is stretched across a couch, wearing only his boxer shorts. On the bed nearby lies WENDY, stripped to her underclothes, the sunlight streaming through blinds to sculpt her figure.

WENDY

shifts and turns, sighing in her sleep.

MARV

is transfixed. All sense of reality is slipping away.

AT A WINDOW

SUNLIGHT through blinds silhouettes MARV as he stands, moving like a somnambulant. He leans DOWN, out of frame.

MARV
Goldie. Goldie, baby.

A SLAP! is heard.

WENDY'S VOICE
MARV! NO!

The silhouette of Marv JERKS BACK into frame, rubbing his cheek, his free hand gesturing his embarrassment.

MARV
I'm sorry, Wendy.

WENDY'S VOICE
It's all right, Marv. Go back to the couch, now.

MARV
I'm really sorry. I get confused sometimes.

WENDY'S VOICE
It's okay, Marv. Get some sleep.

MARV'S SILHOUETTE moves away from the window.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

WENDY'S PORSCHE fishtails across the street.

CLOSER

Wendy drives. MARV tries to keep from looking at her.

WENDY
So where's this farm you were talking about?

MARV
First things first. You got a credit card?

WENDY
All of them. Why?

MARV
No, it's better to use cash. You got cash?

Wendy casually produces a thick roll of bills.

MARV
Good. Find me a hardware store. And keep to the side streets.

She tosses him a curious glance and shrugs. Marv fishes throug his pockets. He pulls a cigarette pack out and crushes it.

Aw, hell. You got any smokes?

Wendy lights two and hands him one, just as Goldie had before, her gestures identical to Goldie's.

MARV

stares at the lipstick on the cigarette. Then he smokes it, turning to look away from Wendy.

WENDY'S PORSCHE

cuts off a jeep and jumps a median and tears off and away.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

ON THE COUNTER

Two-foot lengths of PLASTIC TUBING. A Huge spool of nasty RAZO WIRE and sectioned metal GLOVES. REGISTER rings away. MARV'S HAND slams down a HACK SAW.

CHEERFUL CLERK

looks up from the register, eager to please.

CLERK
Beefing up the old home security, huh?

CLOSE SHOT MARV

MARV
You shouldn't poke your nose into people's private business.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

WENDY'S PORSCHE ROARS up a hill and we catch up with it. The city drops away behind them. WENDY eyes Marv, nervous.

WENDY
I don't suppose you're going to tell me what you're planning to do with all that stuff?

MARV
Nothing nice. Pull over at the next gas station.

WENDY
But the tank's full...oh, okay. Never mind I asked.

And we lose the Porsche as it roars away.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

MARV, hauling a five gallon GASOLINE CAN, strides hastily across the lot toward WENDY, who waits, leaning across its hood, her coat open to the desert wind.

MARV
We better get moving. I think that guy back there recognized me.

WENDY
You do kind of stand out.

MARV

looks over his shoulder at her as he lifts the lid to the trunk.

MARV
Look who's talking. You're hanging out all over the place. You ought to tie up that belt. It isn't fair.

AT THE TRUNK

MARV shoves the GAS CAN into the trunk, amidst the tools he bought.

THE MOON

is full and bright. WOLF HOWLS.

CLOSE SHOT THE WOLF

The wolf Marv clobbered finishes its howl and glares, eyes red.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

WENDY'S PORSCHE slides to a stop in tall grass.

WENDY

slides from the car and comes around to Marv, who's at the trunk.

AT THE TRUNK

Marv pulls on the GLOVES and grabs the RAZOR WIRE and the GAS CAN. As he moves away the camera lingers on the HACK SAW and PLASTIC TUBING. He's left them in the trunk. TRUNK SLAMS CLOSED.

MARV
Stay here. If I'm not back in twenty minutes, get the hell out of here and don't look back. And I don't want any arguments from you, either.

WENDY
No arguments. You're the boss. You're in charge.

Marv pauses, remembering something.

MARV
You got a handkerchief?

WENDY

moves close to Marv, eyes glistening. She pulls a silk handkerchief from her coat and slides it into Marv's pocket.

WENDY
Anything you want. Just kill him for me, Marv. Kill him good.

MARV
I won't let you down, Goldie. I promised.

She kisses him on the cheek.

WENDY
Good hunting.

LONG SHOT

MARV marches off into the forest, hauling his gear.

THE OLD WINDMILL

we saw earlier. It CLACKS briefly and goes still. Not much win tonight.

AT THE FOREST EDGE

The FARM is visible, silent and dark. A SILHOUETTE moves among bushes. A tiny CREAKING sound is heard.

CLOSE ANGLE

CREAK. A length of RAZOR WIRE snaps taut, gleaming, vicious.

CLOSE ANGLE AT A TREE

CREAK. RAZOR WIRE wrapped around the tree bites into bark.

MARV

works low to the ground, pulling the SPOOL, laying razor wire. He sets the spool down.

A NET OF RAZOR WIRE

stretches calf-high. MARV squats in the middle of it, the GAS CAN at his side. He pulls out Wendy's HANDKERCHIEF.

CLOSE ANGLE MARV

He brings the handkerchief to his nose. That angel smell. His eyes go red, brimming with tears.

THE HANDKERCHIEF

flutters through the air to drape across a length of razor wire. A mild breeze tugs at it. The handkerchief flutters off, cut in half. This stuff is sharp.

MARV

picks up one half of the handkerchief and stuffs it in the opening of the gas can.

IN THE YARD

MARV runs silently across the yard, hauling the GAS CAN. He kneels, staring at:

THE FARM HOUSE

A single WINDOW is lit. KEVIN'S SILHOUETTE moves across it.

INT. KITCHEN

KEVIN pulls open the door to his REFRIGERATOR. We really don't want to see what kind of midnight snack he's about to fix.

CLOSE ANGLE MARV

pulls out his cigarette lighter and brings it to the handkerchief. The fire catches.

WIDER

MARV runs across the yard and HEAVES the GAS CAN into the air.

THE GAS CAN

tumbles end over end through the air.

GLASS SHATTERS

as the GAS CAN crashes through the window.

KEVIN

takes the rest of the window with him as he CRASHES OUTWARD, arms covering his face.

HIGH ANGLE

BOOM! FLAME blows out windows on the house as the gas can goes up inside.

KEVIN

tumbles end over end across the dirt. Patches of FLAME on his shirt. He rises. And he's still smiling that damn bland smile.

AT THE FOREST EDGE

MARV runs backward, drawing his GUN, back-stepping neatly over the RAZOR WIRE.

MARV
YOU LIKE THAT, KEVIN? I'VE GOT PLENTY MORE! COME AND GET IT!

MARV FIRES.

IN THE YARD KEVIN

charges, ducking and dodging as BULLETS tear at the dirt and whiz past.

IN THE FOREST MARV

is small among trees, FIRING AGAIN. RAZOR WIRE looms in the foreground, a trap.

IN THE YARD KEVIN

bounds, flipping, as more BULLETS tear at the ground.

IN THE FOREST MARV

slips out of his trench coat, shouting.

MARV
COME ON, BOY! DON'T BE SCARED, NOW!

CLOSE SHOT

MARV pulls the HANDCUFFS from his pocket. He SNAPS one cuff closed on his own WRIST.

LOW ANGLE

KEVIN runs straight at camera. RAZOR WIRE looms in foreground. Does he see it?...AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT Kevin's feet LEAVE THE GROUND.

KEVIN

FLIPS through the air with ease.

KEVIN'S FEET

land and hopscotch across the razor wire trap with incredible speed and skill.

MARV'S COAT

catches Kevin full in the face.

MARV

tackles Kevin to the ground in a tangle of coat. They tumble. Marv swings a FIST--it hits a rock as Kevin rolls away.

KEVIN

tosses off the coat and lifts Marv from the ground with a kick to the groin.

KEVIN'S FEET

double-kick Marv in the face.

MARV

sprawls on his back. Dazed.

MARV POV

Kevin appears in mid-leap, high above, descending fast, one FOOT streaking straight at camera to fill frame. CRUNCH.

WIDER

Marv rolls over and gets to his hands and knees, coughing blood. Kevin circles, his bland expression unchanged.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

His face is hamburger.

MARV
Is that the best you can do, creep?

KEVIN'S FOOT enters frame to smash Marv's face again.

MARV CRASHES

against a tree, shaking it. KEVIN steps in and RAKES Marv across the face. MARV clutches at Kevin--Kevin ducks--

LOW ANGLE

Kevin spin-kicks Marv, sending him sprawling. Marv lies unmoving, apparently unconscious. Kevin saunters toward him, calm. Marv is faking unconsciousness. His hands are preparing for something with the handcuffs.

KEVIN

studies Marv. He raises one hand, talons ready to deliver the death blow--and whirls as the sound of a CAR ENGINE APPROACHES HEADLIGHTS wash over scene.

WIDER

WENDY'S PORSCHE rumbles across uneven terrain toward Kevin. Kevin stands calm as ever.

WENDY

bounces and steers as she drives one-handed and FIRES her pistol.

KEVIN

The bullet cuts a scarlet streak across his cheek. He breaks into a run.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

His eyes snap open, alarmed. He begins to rise.

WENDY

fires and fires, eyes widening in fear as:

KEVIN

executes an incredible TRIPLE FLIP through the air.

WENDY

steers wildly as KEVIN LANDS on the HOOD of the porsche.

CLOSE ANGLE

KEVIN reaches toward Wendy's face.

A FRONT WHEEL

of the porsche hits a rock and bounces.

THE PORSCHE

topples on its side and slides into a tree, tossing Kevin.

WENDY

her head hits a rock. She lies still. A SHADOW falls across her. KEVIN kneels into frame. He cradles her.. Strokes her hair. She moans, unconscious but alive.

KEVIN'S HAND

rises, poised to strike, nails razor sharp. But MARV'S HANDS come out to nowhere--SNAPPING a CUFF to Kevin's wrist.

WIDER

Marv yanks Kevin to his feet, spinning him around. The two are cuffed wrist to wrist and Marv is laughing.

MARV
GOT YOU, YOU BASTARD! LET'S SEE YOU HOP AROUND NOW!

Kevin KICKS.

THE CUFFS

hold strong as the links of chain are pulled tight.

ANOTHER KICK

but Marv keeps grinning. He pulls his FIST back--and drives a powerhouse punch to Kevin's face. Kevin drops like a stone.

CLOSE SHOT KEVIN

Smiling blandly even though he's unconscious. One lens of his glasses is shattered.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

Victorious.

HIGH ANGLE

Marv stands, Kevin dangling from him. Marv is unmoving except for the heaving of his chest.

THE WOLF

against the sky. Its nostrils flare. It clambers down a hillside. Growling.

IN THE WOODS

WENDY is slumped unconscious in her now-upright Porsche. Crickets chirp.

MARV'S VOICE
Boy, am I bushed. And it wasn't our fight that wore me out, either. It was all that sawing and tying when I was fixing the torniquets.

A GHASTLY TABLEAU

Marv's COAT hangs neatly from a branch. Marv sits, a bloody HACK SAW in one hand, facing what's left of KEVIN. Kevin's arm and legs are stacked like cord wood. Kevin, his stumps secured by plastic tubing, tied tight, is leaned against a tree. And still his expression has not changed.

MARV
It's a good thing I brought along some extra ones. A lot of them broke. It could've been a mess around here. Still, I got to admit there was a spurt or two.

MARV

sets the saw down and moves to kneel close to Kevin. Intimate.

MARV
Hell, I might as well come clean. I wanted a spurt or two. To get the scent in the air. To get a friend of yours to come running.

THE WOLF

lumbers into view. It looks the situation over. It growls at Marv.

MARV'S HANDS

undo one torniquet at the stump of Kevin's leg.

WIDER

The WOLF moves toward Kevin as Marv sits back and lights up a cigarette.

CLOSE SHOT KEVIN

He stares forward, smiling blandly as the wolf's GROWL grows. CHOMP! Kevin's head jerks slightly. SOUNDS OF WOLF EATING.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

looking calmly at the off-screen horror.

MARV
Good dog. Good dog.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

PORSCHE pulls into the lot. MARV hops from it and moves to a PAY PHONE mounted by the door. He shoves a quarter in--and FREEZES. He turns his back as a COP exits the diner. COP gives Marv a glance and moves on. Marv punches in a number.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

NANCY

moves across stage, having a great time.

THE CROWD

whoops and applauds.

BACKSTAGE

APPLAUSE CONTINUES. Burly transsexual KADIE holds up the receiver of a PHONE and calls out as NANCY appears.

KADIE
Nancy--it's for you. It's Marv. He says it's important.

Nancy slides into a robe and takes the receiver, cupping it in her hand.

NANCY
How's he sound?

KADIE
Good. A little too good.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In the hills overlooking Sin City. MARV pulls the PORSCHE up.

HIGH ANGLE

NANCY appears at the doorway as MARV takes the steps two at a time, carrying WENDY in his arms, effortlessly.

MARV
Hi, Nancy. Got any beers?

NANCY
Sure. Like I'd have you over without making sure I got some. Come on in.

AT THE DOORWAY

Nancy steps aside as Marv carries Wendy in. Nancy studies Marv's beat-up face, concerned; Marv beams, happy, excited.

NANCY
This is big trouble, isn't it?

MARV
It's the worst, kid. It's great.

INT. LIVING ROOM

MARV CHUGS

a beer and sets it down on a coffee table next to four empties

WIDER

Wendy is stretched on the couch, still unconscious. Nancy is bandaging Marv's various cuts.

MARV
You're not having any more trouble with that frat boy, are you?

NANCY
He's still in the hospital. And I see you're still looking out for the ladies.

WENDY

moans and stirs but doesn't come out of it. MARV gently sweeps her hair from her eyes.

MARV
This one's got to get out of town. She could get killed if she doesn't.

NANCY

watches and worries as MARV goes to the kitchen and grabs another beer from the refrigerator. Unasked questions hang in the air.

MARV
She'll kick up a fuss and want to stay, but tell her I said she owes me one. It's not true but she'll believe it.

NANCY
What about you? Are you leaving town?

MARV

pops the cap off the beer with his thumb and grins.

MARV
Hell, no. I like it here.

CLOSE SHOT NANCY

She doesn't like the sound of that.

AT THE DOORWAY

Marv pulls his coat on. NANCY follows.

MARV
I really appreciate you taking care of her, Nancy.

NANCY
You've got some people who care about you, Marv. You be careful.

Marv nods--then pauses, remembering something.

MARV
You're still living with that guy, aren't you?

NANCY
Sure. He's at work right now.

MARV
Your boyfriend--he's a bowler, right?

NANCY
Yeah...?

MARV
I need a bowling bag.

NANCY
You need a bowling bag.

MARV
Yeah. If it's not too much trouble.

NANCY
He'll want it back.

MARV
No he won't.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

AT THE PORSCHE

Marv walks to the trunk, carrying an empty BOWLING BAG. He opens the trunk. The trunk lid obscures what he's doing.

IN THE CAR

Marv sits behind the wheel, plunking the bowling bag on the empty seat next to him. Now there's something in it.

MARV
One more to go, Goldie. The big one.

He starts the engine and kicks it into gear and SCREECHES out of frame.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The PORSCHE roars down a highway.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

as he drives. He crushes out a cigarette. His fingers move to play at the pewter CRUCIFIX at his neck.

GOLDIE'S VOICE
You make me feel safe.

LOW ANGLE A STONE CRUCIFIX

looms huge against the night sky. A COP, in helmet and body armor, moves into frame, looks up. He waves.

A TERRA COTTA TILED ROOF

Another COP standing atop the roof returns the wave and turns, machine pistol hung by a strap on his shoulder.

EXT. MISSION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

An old spanish mission nestled in woodland, lit by moonlight. We pull back to reveal:

A MOUNTAIN ROAD

overlooks the mission. The Porsche pulls to the shoulder. Marv gets out.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Marv runs down the hill past wild cactus configurations, the bowling bag slung across his shoulder. Silent.

A CACTUS

of bizarre beauty, lit by moonlight. Marv emerges from behind the cactus. Pauses. Scans the situation.

AT THE GATE

An armored COP finishes his cigarette and crushes it beneath his boot. He looks about.

THE CRUCIFIX

looms.

AT THE GATE - THE COP

The COP looks nervous. He leans down and stuffs the cigarette butt in his pocket. He rises--as MARV'S HANDS enter frame to grab his head and WRENCH it to the side. KRAKK!

WIDER

Marv hauls the dead cop to the cacti and tosses him to hiding.

AT THE TOP OF THE GATE

A high arch at the roof-level of the mission. GRUNTS are heard. Marv enters frame, clambers atop the arch. He LEAPS into space.

TERRA COTTA ROOF

The COP up there TURNS at a THUMP.

CLOSE SHOT

A SHADOW falls across the suddenly-terrified face of the COP.

HUGGN

LONG SHOT - LOOKING THROUGH BELLFREY

An ancient BELL looms, silent, as MARV and COP struggle on the roof. The struggle is ended with the recognizable CRUNCH of bone.

AT MARV'S FEET

TERRA COTTA TILES slide away, throwing him off balance.

MARV

rights himself, not falling.

THE TILES

slide from the roof and fall through space.

AT THE CRUCIFIX

COP whirls at the sound of a CRASH. He runs off.

IN THE COURTYARD

Terra cotta TILES lie shattered. COP rounds a corner. Looks at the tiles. Looks up. He raises his GUN, too late--

COP'S POV

MARV drops from the roof, right at camera, his smile maniacal.

IN THE COURTYARD

MARV lands on COP, SMASHING him against the stone floor of the courtyard.

AT A BUILDING

In an open area of pillars and stone floor. MOONLIGHT casts long shadows. A lone COP walks, ready for trouble.

CLOSE ANGLE THE COP

He WHIRLS at the sound of a GRUNT--MARV'S FIST enters frame to shatter his visor and SMASH into his nose.

WIDER

MARV steps over the sprawled COP and dashes away.

INT. STAIRWELL HIGH ANGLE

Worn stone stairs. Marv takes them three at a time, running.

INT. HALLWAY

A MONK whirls, startled, as MARV rounds a corner, running.

THE MONK

reaches into his robe for a MACHINE PISTOL, too late--

MARV

charges forward--

WHAM!

MONK CRASHES against a wall, bloodied. He slides down the wall, unconscious.

INT. CHAMBER

Small. Spartan. Dark. DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

A SHAFT OF LIGHT

falls across the sleeping figure of CARDINAL ROARK. Roark stirs, fuzzy, at a voice:

MARV'S VOICE
Roark.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

stands at the door, hit by harsh light from the hallway.

MARV
Patrick Henry Roark.

ROARK

rubs his eyes, waking.

ROARK
Kevin? Is that you, boy?

MARV

produces the bowling bag and pulls KEVIN'S HEAD from it.

MARV
Well, kind of. What's left of him, anyways. The dog ate the rest.

WIDER

Roark sits bolt upright on his bed, eyes wide. We see that he is a tiny man, a little naked troll. Marv drops Kevin's head and lets it roll across the floor.

MARV
I just wanted to make sure you knew it was me and that I was serious.

Marv crosses to light a lamp on the table, bringing subdued light to the room.

No offense, but I was expecting you to be a much bigger guy.

ROARK

stares down, quivering, building toward a scream. Marv finds a seat opposite Roark and levels his gun at Roark's stomach.

MARV
Don't scream or I'll plug you.

Roark drops to his knees and picks up Kevin's head, staring at it, tears in his eyes. Marv fires up a cigarette.

ROARK
My dear Lord. You monster. You monster.

MARV
At least I don't go around eating people.

ROARK
You don't understand him. You don't know anything about him.

MARV
I understand he liked to eat people.

ROARK
You don't know anything. You probably think he couldn't talk, don't you?

Roark cradles the head in his arms, rocking side to side.

You're wrong about that. He had a voice like an angel. But he spoke only to me. Only to me. And now he's dead--all because of one stupid whore!

MARV thumbs the hammer back on his gun.

MARV
Her name was Goldie and it's not a real good idea to talk about her that way while I'm around.

ROARK
If you're going to shoot me, shoot me.

MARV
You should be so lucky.

ROARK
What the hell do you want?

MARV
Answers. Maybe I'm missing something, but you got it made, Cardinal. I mean, somebody put up a statue of you right in the middle of town. And everybody knows how rich you are. What use have you got for some farm boy who eats people?

ROARK
He wasn't some garden variety psychopath. He was a tortured soul, when first he gave confession. He was tormented by guilt.

Roark paces back and forth across the room.

But the eating--it filled him with white light. With love for every living thing. Tearful, he swore to me that he felt the touch of God Almighty! As the years passed, I began to envy him...

Roark whirls to glare at Marv.

Don't you dare look at me that way. You don't know. You just don't know.

MARV
I know it's pretty damn weird to eat people.

ROARK
He didn't just eat their bodies, you pig. He ate their souls. He loved them in a way that was absolute and clean and perfect.

MARV
And you joined in.

ROARK
Yes! And everything he'd told me--it was true! The gates of heaven opened wide! And I felt love! Endless, glorious love!

MARV
I don't think the ladies you had for dinner would've agreed with you about that.

ROARK
The women were nothing. Whores. Nobody missed them. Nobody cared. And then that one girl--your "Goldie"--almost ruined everything. She must have suspected something. Seen one of them get into my limousine and followed us. Kevin was...engrossed, when she found us. She escaped. She stayed in public places. Then with you.

MARV
Then Kevin killed her and you called the cops on me.

ROARK
You were maddening. You wouldn't be caught. You wouldn't stop.

Roark is bawling like a baby.

And now Kevin is dead and you're going to kill me. Will that give you any satisfaction, my son? Murdering a helpless old man?

MARV
The killing, no. No satisfaction. But everything up until the killing will be a gas.

Marv rises. He cracks his knuckles.

You can scream now if you want to.

ROARK

opens his mouth to scream as MARV'S HANDS STREAK toward him.

IN THE COURTYARD

SCREAM ECHOES. A COP comes running from the distance. He finds the DEAD COP sprawled. He starts speaking to his walkie talkie.

INT. CHAMBER

MARV wrestles with Roark's flailing hands. BLOOD spurts across his face. The angle is too tight for us to see what he's doing. We should be grateful for this. SCREAM CONTINUES, then breaks into a moan.

MARV
YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN BUMS LIKE ME? YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN GOLDIE? YOU'RE JUST LIKE US, PAL! YOU GOT RIBS AND GUTS AND THE WORKS! SEE? SEE?

AT THE CRUCIFIX

SEVERAL COPS come running. SCREAM rises again.

INT. CHAMBER BACK TO MARV

SCREAM STOPS. Tight angle. Marv pauses.

MARV
You still with me?

ROARK'S VOICE
NO MORE! GOD! I'M BEGGING YOU! HAVE MERCY!

MARV
Hell, no.

HIGH ANGLE A STRETCH OF COURTYARD

SCREAM RISES, again, worse than before. A DOZEN COPS run.

INT. STAIRWELL

DOZENS OF COPS rush up, guns ready. SCREAM CONTINUES.

INT. HALLWAY

COPS charge past the downed MONK and charge toward the DOOR. SCREAM CONTINUES--and stops, for the final time.

INT. CHAMBER

Tight angle. ROARK gurgles his last, out of frame. MARV turns, holding up ROARKS HEART as a thunderous CRASH is heard.

AT THE DOORWAY

COPS pause for a beat, horrified by what they see. Then they OPEN FIRE. With abandon.

MARV

falls against the wall as BULLETS rip across his chest. GUNFIRE STOPS. MARV falls face-first to the floor with a THUD that seems to shake the building. A COP moves up to turn Marv over. He shouts over his shoulder.

COP
Oh, Christ. He's still alive!

MARV
Jerk...you should've shot me in the head. And enough times to make sure.

MARV POV

COP moves closer, sneering, malicious.

COP
You're going to wish we had, you son of a bitch.

CUT TO BLACK.

Only silence and blackness, then...a cardiogram RED LINE crawls across screen. It JUMPS in time with the sound of a single HEARTBEAT, loud as thunder.

MARV POV

We're in an operating room, staring at blinding LIGHTS above. A SURGICAL TEAM scuttles around. MARV'S HAND rises, wobbly.

SURGEON
Oh, for Christ sake. He's awake. ANESTHETIST!

ANESTHETIST
He can't be conscious. What I gave him would knock out an elephant.

SURGEON
God damn it, he's awake! Double the dose!

ANESTHETIST
You're the boss.

The anesthetist fills a needle and moves to admister the dose.

This would KILL an elephant.

SURGEON
So kill the elephant. I don't know why we're bothering with this, anyway.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

He's entwined in tubes and glaring. His voice is a gurgle.

MARV
I don't know why either, pal.

CUT TO BLACK.

CARDIOGRAM EFFECT. Another HEARTBEAT.

INT. HOSPITAL

Marv lies on a hospital bed, engulfed in life support equipment. MARV'S EYES stare calmly, devoid of emotion.

CUT TO BLACK.

...another HEARTBEAT...

MARV'S EYES

stare, expression unchanged.

WIDER

Marv is in a wheelchair, staring out a window, lit by sunlight A NURSE comes up to pull the wheelchair. She looks at him, nervous.

CUT TO BLACK.

...HEARTBEAT...

A THERAPIST

aids Marv with a WALKER. He's wobbly.

MARV'S FEET

take a tentative step.

...HEARTBEAT...

MARV'S FEET

now wear shoes and walk with confidence. Another man's FOOT enters frame to knock Marv's out from under him.

WIDER

We are in a dark room lit only by a single lamp. The LIEUTENANT who just knocked Marv down shoves a foot into Marv's side and rolls Marv on his back. Marv is handcuffed.

MARV

stares blankly as LIEUTENANT kneels over Marv, thrusting a sheaf of papers in his face.

LIEUTENANT
You're gonna save the state a pile of money, Marv. We got a heap of dead bodies to account for and you're the boy to blame. You're gonna sign right here on the dotted line and confess to murdering everybody from Roark to that slut who gave you a freebie.

Marv does not respond.

THE LIEUTENANT

rises and pulls on a RUBBER GLOVE.

LIEUTENANT
Then we do this the slow way. Close the door, Murphy.

...HEARTBEAT...

A WORMY DISTRICT ATTORNEY

adjust his glasses and smiles. He flattens out PAPERS and sets them down in front of MARV, who sits, his back to us. We are still in the dark room.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
It's in no one's interest to protract this process. The newspapers are already curious about certain aspects of this case, and the Roark family doesn't want to hear any talk of cannibalism.

MARV

The condition of Marv's face shows the results of days of beatings. He shows no sign of emotion.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE
We have tried our best to reason with you. But you will not listen to reason. You are driving us to extremes.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

holds out a fountain pen.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
So let me be blunt. Sign this confession or we will kill your mother.

MARV

meets the district attorney's eyes. He nods. Then he reaches out toward the pen--and grabs the district attorney's wrist--he WHIPS the arm like a rope. SOUNDS of bone breaking.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

falls screaming out of his chair as Marv calmly picks up the pen.

MARV'S HAND

He signs the confession, in childlike block letters.

...HEARTBEAT...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The place is packed. Marv stands, facing the JUDGE, who's in a lather.

JUDGE
For unspeakable crimes--for the foul and deliberate murder of a great and holy man--it is the judgment of this court--

MARV

still calm as he hears the sentence. His face is healed.

JUDGE'S VOICE
--that you will be remanded to state prison, there to face death by electrocution at midnight on the second sunday of this month.

THE CROWD

A CHEER goes up. People are on their feet. The JUDGE pounds he: gavel for order. WENDY, solemn, wearing sunglasses, rises and exits.

...HEARTBEAT...

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

STATION WAGONS and PICKUP TRUCKS gather for a vigil. SIX PACKS of beer are unloaded and passed around. It's party time.

INT. PRISON CELL

Marv stares down at the crowd and lights a cigarette. He turns at the SOUNDS of jangling KEYS and HEELS CLICKING on cement.

INT. CORRIDOR LOW ANGLE

We see the LEGS of a GUARD and a WOMAN wearing high heels as they walk. We recognize the woman's legs.

INT. CELL

The guard opens the cell door and lets Wendy enter. Marv and she stare at each other until the guard is gone. Marv smiles.

MARV
I got them for you good, didn't I, Goldie?

WENDY

smiles at Marv, eyes glistening with tears.

MARV
I'm sorry, Wendy. I got confused again, seeing you like this.

She shrugs off her coat. She's wearing an evening gown identical to the one Goldie wore, that night.

WENDY
It's all right, Marv. You can call me Goldie.

She moves close to him, against him. They kiss.

MARV
You smell like angels ought to smell.

WENDY
Let me be your angel.

They move away, out of frame. Her moan is musical.

MARV'S VOICE
I love you, Goldie.

...HEARTBEAT...

A CLOCK

shows only a few minutes till midnight.

CLOSE SHOT MARV

as somebody's hands shave his head.

INT. CORRIDOR HIGH ANGLE

MARV is led by a guard. Marv offers no resistance.

..HEARBEAT...

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER

Marv sits calmly as STRAPS are pulled tight across his wrists and ankles.

A HELMET

with electrical cables running from its sides is placed on his head.

WIDER

Everything's ready to go. The WARDEN stands, reciting.

WARDEN
In accordance with the laws of the state of California and pursuant to the decision as rendered by Her Honorable Judge Celia Estevez of the Sixteenth District Court of Basin City, it is my duty--

MARV
Oh, for crying out loud! Could you get a move on?

Warden turns to the executioner.

WARDEN
You heard the man. Hit it.

THE EXECUTIONER

throws the switch.

THE HEARTBEAT

goes wild, jagged.

MARV

jerks as incredible VOLTAGE rips through him.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

The CROWD whoops and hollers as the prison lights dim.

MARV

jerks and jerks, his SKELETON flashing negative.

THE HEARTBEAT

flattens out to a red horizontal line.

MARV

slumps in the chair, head pitched forward, SMOKE rising from his skin. We fade to BLACK.

BLACKNESS

and silence for a beat...then the redline crawls across scre yet again--and JUMPS with another thunderous HEARTBEAT.

MARV

slowly raises his head as his ghastly CACKLE fills the room.

MARV
Is that the best you can do, you pansies?

THE SWITCH

is thrown again.

MARV

jerks and jerks and jerks as the voltage is sustained for wh seems forever.

GOLDIE

She smiles up at Marv...she kisses him...she takes his hand...against blackness, the heart-shaped bed spins away, resolving to:

CLOSE SHOT MARV'S EYE

His PUPIL fills frame, black. We pull away to his face, unmoving, smoke rising, flesh burnt in patches. He stares at us, dead, but still menacing, glaring, glaring...

THE END